THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XI | New York, Wednesday, January 8, 1930 | Number 10

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Summary 265
Week by Week 266
The Moral Movies 270
Patriotic Politicians 270
Fifty Years of Saint Thomas ..... J. Loewenberg 272
Rebuilding Diplomacy ..... George E. Anderson 275
Cockcrow: Woodstock (*verse*) ..... Henry Morton Robinson 276
The New Catholic Bible ..... Joseph Keating 277
Farming as a Business ..... Robert Stewart 279
A Doctor of Long Ago ..... James J. Walsh 280
Alone, Immune (*verse*) ..... Melville Cane 281
Mr. Vedder ..... Paul Bussard 282
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 283
What the Mountain Sheep Thought (*verse*) ..... Kenneth W. Porter 284
Communications 284
Books ..... W. S. Benson, Gladys Graham, Grenville Vernon, Charles Roger Miller, George Fort Milton, Kilian J. Hennrich, Harold Rypins, William Engels 287

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

SUMMARY

A GRAPH of 1929 would doubtless stress the calm of relatively universal peace. If we except a few countries—Mexico, China, Syria—wherein some kind of armed conflict is normal, there has been practically no military activity. And yet it is clear that the major issues of world society have been hotly contested, with uneven success. The time has been rife with dramatic oppositions. Let us view these in their order, hoping so to arrive at a tentative inventory. In the political order, nationalism has been definitely and characteristically arrayed against internationalism. Within the domain of economics, western capitalism has been striving to attain control of factors making for social misery and thus also for a recrudescence of communism. Spiritual forces have, for their part, either been involved in the political or economic enterprises or have confronted new antagonisms.

In the main the drift toward better international understanding has been pronounced. Stresemann and Clemenceau died almost at the same time, but the first lived to see his country restored to an independent diplomatic position quite unhoped for even three years ago, and the second said adieu to a France undoubtedly more genuinely secure, in every sense, than it has been since before 1870. The Young plan, tentatively settling the difficult problem of war-finance obligations, was not only signed but ratified by a German plebiscite. Intelligent preparation has virtually assured everybody of the success of the London Conference. Though friction between the United States and Latin America continues, many problems have been forced into the open where discussion may help to solve them, and at least a palliative has been found for the Mexican disease of unrest. On the other hand, nationalistic feeling has been exceedingly bitter in southwestern Europe, where Croatian, Serbian, Tyrolese and other groups have frequently clashed with their foes. The British empire is only beginning to realize the dimensions of the Gandhi movement, which has set in motion currents of idealistic nationalism so strong that they may eventually do more than upset the Labor government or necessitate a measure of home rule in India. Italy and Russia survive as the leading examples of modern dictatorial governments, and doubtless their isolation—in the first case as a form of rule, in the second as a social order—will compel an increase of nationalist sentiment.

Economics is the world of earnings and their distri-

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bution. The balance sheet of the year includes such favorable circumstances as an improved French monetary situation, progress in the science of aviation and (so far as the United States is concerned) a demonstration of the soundness of the banking system. On the other hand, the crash in stocks has reduced industrial valuations in almost all countries and has greatly weakened confidence in the future. It seems apparent that quantities of money have been poured into very speculative ventures; that in not a few instances potential productivity has been confused with actual production; and that, under pressure, the errors of mismanagement have sometimes been revealed as fairly lurid. The result of this sudden and well-nigh catastrophic injection of pessimistically garnered realism has been a considerable increase in unemployment. One circumstance is peculiarly noteworthy. No vast new industry has been developed, as the automotive and motion-picture industries were built up less than twenty years ago, to absorb an army of workers. Aviation aspired to do this, but to date aviation has been a financial failure, which fact may have contributed more than a little to the general collapse of security values.

What of the more basic and lasting values of Christendom? One may report a gradual increase in popular understanding of the true meaning of science. The campaign against mechanistic theories of life and nature has progressed, and the return of the spirit to philosophy is clearly marked. On the other hand, there has been something of a decline of religious cultural activity in all western countries. Several well-known European journals have ceased publication; and in the United States the disarray which affects all literature continues to qualify Catholic and Protestant expression. More generally speaking, two important events have added memorable dates to the history of the Church. The first is the settlement of the Roman question, through the signing of a treaty and a concordat. But though this marks the close of a dispute more than half a century old, one must not fail to note that disagreement between the Papacy and the leaders of Fascismo continues, and not infrequently engages issues of the utmost gravity. The second event is the restoration of religious peace in Mexico. Here again it would be a mistake to say that the end of controversy had been reached. Conditions in Mexico are still far from settled, and it is a brave man who will venture to speak with unrestrained optimism about days to come.

We believe, therefore, that 1929 has been an exceptionally dramatic year, many of the scenes enacted during which will retain no little meaning for historians of tomorrow. Viewing them reflectively one realizes again by what slow stages, and how precariously, mankind arrives at betterment. Yet hope is surely a virtue, and much has been done in the twelvemonth to justify confidence in the gradual triumph of reason over the instincts of the race.

WEEK BY WEEK

Cardinal Gasparri Resigns

PERSISTENT rumors that Cardinal Pietro Gasparri has resigned as papal Secretary of State compel one to believe that this venerable dignitary has bowed to old age and increasing weariness. Thus there is brought to a close one of the great diplomatic careers of modern times. When Benedict XV ascended the throne of Peter, he immediately gave Cardinal Gasparri, his associate under Cardinal Rampolla, charge of the affairs of state. The great war was in progress at the time, necessitating extreme care lest the Church incur accusations of partizanship. So skilfully was neutrality maintained and so deeply was the unceasing effort of the Papacy to advance the cause of peace appreciated that when hostilities were finally ended the prestige of the Vatican had grown immeasurably. There remained four basic diplomatic problems: to assure the political independence of the Holy See by settling the Roman question; to find the right basis for coöperation with the League of Nations; to prepare the way for possible reunion with the schismatic Churches of the East; and to hew to the evident principles of canon law in securing workaday relations with civil governments. All were approached with so much tact and intelligence that, despite the outbreak of religious antagonism in Russia and Mexico, the period abides as one of the most fortunate epochs in the history of the Church. It is no secret that a measurable proportion of this very heartening success has been greatly due to the personal genius of Cardinal Gasparri.

WHILE the news that Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli will succeed Cardinal Gasparri has not been officially confirmed at the present writing, it is certain that His Eminence has left Germany definitely. A more auspicious choice could hardly have been made. During the last twenty years Cardinal Pacelli has been entrusted with several of the most important papal diplomatic missions. During 1917 he went to Germany as apostolic delegate to Bavaria and there submitted the celebrated Vatican peace proposals, which the dilatory action of the German Chancelor and other facors robbed of a chance for success. Some time afterward the present concordat with Bavaria was signed. In 1920 Monsignor Pacelli was made nuncio to the German republic. This was a post demanding unusual care and patience. Gradually the way was prepared for the concordat with Prussia, signed during June of 1929 and constituting one of the most memorable documents in the modern papal archives. The traditional home of Lutheranism had regulated its affairs with the Vatican in a manner agreeable to both parties. It need not be said that The Commonweal will return, if the news warrants, to the discussion of this significant event. The retirement of Cardinal Gasparri means not merely the end of one stage in the progress of the Church on

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earth, but also the acquiescence, to years and the infirmities they bring, of a most remarkable man. Combining the qualities of the scholar and the diplomat, he will be remembered not merely as the peer of the great statesmen of his time but also as the one who, more than anybody else, is responsible for the codification of canon law—certainly one of the outstanding ecclesiastical achievements of recent centuries.

London Fogs

AS IS usual in such cases, sunshine and balmy breezes are deserting the London Conference. The Japanese had just finished conveying the impression that they were heartily in favor of paring down navies to as near nothing as possible when the French sent an official declaration which, though leaving plenty of work for experts in deciphering diplomatic codes, indicated that they desire everything in the way of a fleet they now have, and that submarines are dear to the Gallic soul. In a word, the Quai d'Orsay sent out its usual conservative bulletin. Meanwhile the Labor government, saved from dissolution by a majority of merely eight, announced in debate that questions of "naval policy" would not be discussed at the Conference. Mr. MacDonald has evidently been reading Burke and agreeing that, though "there are sometimes explosions of eloquence which surpass Greece and Rome in the days of their greatest pride, nevertheless a man will accomplish more with figures of arithmetic than with figures of speech." At any rate, the subject proposed for the Conference is obviously "naval strength." From a British point of view, the topic must be discussed with real adroitness, because otherwise the end of the present ministry would be as inevitable as the passing of Christmas. Despite these qualifications and provisos, however, the outlook remains quite favorable.

Limit the Submarines

THE effect of Italy's decision to stand with America and England for abolition of the submarine has been more than balanced by the way in which Japan has emphasized the value which it places on this weapon. The Japanese have prepared very carefully for the Conference, and are now in a favorable position to bargain. It is likely that their request last fall for 70 percent as many 10,000-ton cruisers as the United States will have, which would give them a large-cruiser fleet almost as important as Great Britain's, was made principally for the bargaining power it would have in London. We have felt, and shall continue to feel, that if the navies of the world are to be for defense only, the submarine must go. When the French argue that they want submarines for defense, they must be proceeding on the principle that the best defense is a paralyzing offense. In war the submarine's merit is that it is a great offensive weapon, one of the greatest of offensive weapons; in peace it is of little value, even for patrol work. It will not be abolished at the present Conference; that much is certain, but is there any reason why it cannot be limited? As the Manchester Guardian points out, "If submarines remain unlimited, then the small surface craft needed to hunt them down must remain unlimited, and if these remain unlimited, then larger and ever larger craft must remain unlimited."

India Astir

IT HAS long since been announced that foreign policy is the Labor party's dangerous cliff. The English voter is interested in wages and unemployment, in better international relations and in other matters which the partizans of Mr. MacDonald have discussed with fervent skill, but he remains committed to the belief that the centre of the dominions is India. For some reason or other, a Labor government eventually proves unable to sustain that belief in other parts of the world. Now, for instance, the National Indian Congress is just about ready to meet at Lahore. Observers seem to think that, while the majority of native leaders will be more restrained than Gandhi in demanding home rule, there may be a considerable effort to get further along that road. It is likewise generally felt that the attitude of Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet has added not a little oil to the wheels of Indian sentiment. During 1917 the British very adroitly dissolved the empire and set up the "dominions." In so far as Bombay and Bengal were concerned, however, the result was merely a declaration that the East was not yet ready for self-government. A hundred years or so, Lord Birkenhead surmised, would have to pass before the cities on the Ganges could properly rule themselves. This is a comfortably long era, some frugal dozen details of which have now passed. Unless all signs fail, the case is one in which no true Briton will feel justified in putting his faith in subtraction.

Offered without Comment

IN NOVEMBER, Ben Eilson flew from Alaska to the rescue of a stranded ship. He did not return, and everything indicated that he was down somewhere on the Siberian coast. It was big news for, except Byrd, Eilson has done as much as any man since the war in the exploration of the Polar regions. He was Wilkins's pilot on that grand flight from Alaska to Spitzbergen which Amundsen called the most important ever made, and again on the flights over Graham Land which resulted in some of the greatest discoveries recorded in the Antarctic. A few blind attempts were made to reach him from Alaska, but anything like an intensive search, combining dog sleds, planes from the Siberian mainland and ice-breakers (several of which were in the vicinity) was not tried. Six weeks after the accident, the United States, unofficially, of course, asked Soviet Russia to conduct such a search. It is now of some point to remember that when word came that Nobile was down in the Arctic,

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the Italian government immediately requested that Sweden and Russia coöperate in the search it was organizing. The fact that Nobile eventually was rescued by a Swedish flyer, and that the rest of his party owed their salvation to a Russian ice-breaker, does not seem to be entirely irrelevant.

SENATORIAL mirth was as luscious an addition to Yuletide fare as any goose stuffed with oysters and sage. First came Senator W. J. Harris, Alabaman, who not only denounced the declaration of Federal Judge P. J. McCormick that searching houses without warrants was reprehensible illegality, but also went on to say the nation was having a Merry Christmas "because of the salutary effect of the very general observance of the Eighteenth Amendment, despite its violation by a small group." This was really not bad as humor, but it paled into insignificance when Mr. Borah appeared on the scene. According to the Idaho Senator, the law has been ably and completely defined. Everybody knows what it is. But "it will never be enforced with the present personnel, from top to bottom." This remark was promptly resented by the Attorney-General, Dr. Doran and crowds of other folk. Some of them even went on to declare that enforcement had been acting under "unceasing pressure" from the President. All this protest was really beside the point, failing to comprehend as it did the cosmic spirit of fun which sometimes characterizes Mr. Borah. A year or so ago that gentleman was vigorously endorsing Mr Hoover on the ground that in his hands both the country and Volsteadism would be safe. More recently he was holding Congress rigid for the law by repressing the anti-drought remarks of Senator Reed. But the sage from Idaho is nothing if not revolutionary. That he should be dissatisfied with the agents operating in New York or Detroit is understandable though not important. What he now seeks, however, is a different variety of chief executive, a reformed Cabinet, a new Enforcement Commission and a purified Congress. And in the end it may well be that, like Mark Twain or Josh Billings, he is really clamoring for a new people and an altered race.

Mr. Borah and Enforcement

MUCH has been said regarding the Catholic college student, but it is still doubtful if any adequate understanding of the problem has been gained. To what extent is he or she attending institutions of learning conducted under professedly religious auspices? How large is the Catholic student body in secular colleges? Are the religious training and guidance adequate in either case? It seems indisputable that students who are being prepared for "leadership" in ever so many ways ought also to be taught how to take a part in normal parish life—to understand what the relationship between clergy and laity should ideally be, and how to participate with the intelligence of educated persons in liturgical and social activities. These thoughts are suggested by the fact that a recent survey of Harvard College reveals a Catholic student body of 695—the third largest confessional group in the institution. In all probability inquiry at other colleges would reveal similar conditions. But in most places so little is done for these men and women, and they find themselves so definitely under a dual shadow, that many of them acquire what virtually amounts to an "inferiority complex" regarding religion. The problem needs to be faced openly and frankly, so that a coming generation may not be forced to bemoan the tragic short-sightedness of the present era.

What Shall Be Done?

THE Oftedal appointment is doomed, but not forgotten. That the man selected for collector of internal revenue in San Francisco should turn out to be a registered voter of Maryland is the most fantastic turn of the ill-luck which has been pursuing President Hoover since March, and it must be the cause of more embarrassment than all the troubles in Haiti, or anywhere else. We should like to spare him this, for he has had already more than his share of trouble and misfortune where Senator Hiram Johnson is concerned. The removal of Senator Johnson's protégé, Mr. John P. McLaughlin, was a simple sort of party discipline. Of course Mr. McLaughlin was efficient in his post; of course he had valuable connections with labor, and of course to replace him with Mr. Alf Oftedal, whose only recommendations were that he was liked by the Anti-saloon League, and had shared in the counsels of Mabel Walker Willebrandt, was not altogether in keeping with the Hooverian legend of "the best man for the job." But after all, such action was well grounded in tradition, and understood everywhere. Even Senator Johnson may feel that his revenge has turned out to be altogether too great and hilarious. It is out of all proportion to his complaint.

The Case of Mr. Oftedal

WE NOTICE that Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop continues to make new friends, and that a de luxe edition was much in evidence during the holidays. That is all as it should be. Has the public realized, however, the excellent qualities of the book (Father Howlett's Life of Bishop Machebeuf) from which Miss Cather derived so much of her material and inspiration? Here is given the narrative of two representative and nevertheless wholly individual missionary pioneers; and we think that few volumes of Catholic history in the United States have so much appeal or beauty. Doubtless the book is a little hard to find, few librarians, even, possessing a copy. It is therefore a pleasure to say that the remaining copies are in the possession of Saint Thomas

Bishop Machebeuf

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Seminary, 1300 South Steele Street, Denver, Colorado. A note to the librarian there and a check for $3.50 will bring a copy. For the right sort of reader no better gift could be suggested, and of course more than one copy should be purchased by those folk of good-will who like to see literature regarding the Church in America available in public reading rooms and reference libraries.

Prison Industry

OF SPECIAL interest at the hearing of the New York State Crime Commission was the report of Mr. G. K. Wadsworth, in charge of the Division of Prison Industries. We hope that some of the ideas which he advanced will be embodied in the New York prison reform program, whenever that program does manage to get under way. Particular consideration will certainly be given his suggestion that the prison working week, now from twenty-six to thirty-nine hours, should be increased to forty-four. That does not seem too inhuman a schedule; it is the same which the average citizen is expected to follow, and we can understand that the extra leisure which we all hope the average citizen will get some day may not figure very largely in the dreams of the man in prison. But other of Mr. Wadsworth's ideas may not win a hearing so readily. He recommends that apprenticeship courses be created "with involved additional personnel and equipment, in some instances quite apart and in addition to endeavors of productive industry." Such courses would really help to prepare the men for their return to freedom; at the same time they would vary the prison routine, and the value of that is easily understood, since one of the principal causes of prison unrest has been sheer boredom. Indeed the only thing to be said against this plan is that it will be very expensive. But let us hope, at any rate, that during the last six months the force of this objection has been lost.

Literature and History

LITERARY history is a term for which there are varying definitions. Some hold that it should not attempt to be critical at all; others believe that the criticism should be limited to purely aesthetic matters. Meanwhile the historian of culture has likewise made his bow, professing to examine literature for the information it gives regarding the experience and spirit of a people. Such a one is Joseph Nadler, author of a monumental history of German literature which classifies the material according to the different tribes or races which produced it. Few modern works in this field have been so warmly debated, so extensively imitated or so resolutely opposed. At least one positive result may, however, be safely claimed to have followed from Nadler's work. He showed that it is unfair to assert that German literature is all of one stamp or that the Catholic Teutonic peoples have been immemoriably silent. Indeed, a veritable school of "Catholic literary study" has developed, manifesting its prowess in such highly respected publications as the annual of the Görresgesellschaft. It is therefore interesting to note that the Swiss prize for literature, a coveted yearly award, has just been conferred on Nadler. This may help to introduce him to circles which assuredly should have been long since familiar with his characteristic method and his point of view, but which remain, to the present, unfortunately, totally ignorant as to both.

The Imperial Code

IT IS not so strange that the Hungarian Minister of War, Julius Gombos, should have included obligatory dueling in his new military code as that the bill establishing that code should have any chance of being passed. For Minister Gombos has made fantastic statements before, as president of the Awakening Magyars, the irredentist and Anti-Semitic organization. He is well known in Europe as the comic-operetta sort of aristocrat, who looks back ardently upon the privileged glories of gentlemen and army officers in the golden days of the lamented empire. He is not stepping out of character when, as War Minister, he decides that the way to create the proper martial and nationalistic spirit in his country is to revive the code of those days. Certainly that is the purpose of his intention to reëstablish the flogging of delinquent soldiers; flogging for the rank and file, and dueling for the gentlemen, are surely part of one system, and work toward one purpose. Similarly appropriate is the clause which provides that martial law may be declared for the whole country if a frontier incident occurs. Indeed, the bill seems inconsistent only in its omissions. It should provide, in case of enactment, that the War Minister would inaugurate the new code by giving the first lashes, and making the first challenge. Thus would the dignity of the ministry be upheld.

Carillons on Schedule

WHAT will happen to the carillon rate when the sundries schedule of the tariff bill comes up for consideration shortly is a development which will be awaited with the deepest interest by Mr. Bok, Dr. Mayor, half a dozen other philanthropists and ourselves. Replying to many letters of protest on the existing rate, Senator Smoot said recently that in his opinion American carillons can be made quite as good, even in the larger sizes, as the European; which probably means that the rate will be kept at 40 percent instead of being lowered to 20, which the House bill indicated as proper. For an industry which exists only sporadically in the United States, the carillon business seems to be obtaining some exceedingly fat concessions. Some may hold that it is not an important matter, on the principle that a man who can afford to make a present of a set of carillons worth $75,000 or more can afford to enrich the government

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with an extra ten or fifteen thousand in revenue. But we so freely admire the American millionaires who give carillons to the communities and universities which they wish to favor, and so earnestly hope that they are inaugurating a fashion which will soon prevail among all wealthy men, that the reduction of the duty on carillons, at least the heavier sets, has become one of those causes in which we are unreservedly willing to speak our very best.

THE MORAL MOVIES

MR. MILLIKEN'S reply to Canon Chase's latest indictment of Will Hays and his motion-picture bureau is not what we should call effective. It is vigorous but not plausible. We offer this sample: "Scientific opinion throughout the world has marshaled itself, after painstaking investigation, behind the premise that American motion pictures, produced under the voluntary safeguards now in force in Hollywood, are a positive deterrent to crime and wrong-doing."

We do not know what Mr. Milliken means by "scientific opinion," but our guess is that he means something quite unscientific. To determine precisely whether the cinema is a "positive deterrent" to crime, or whether it actually inspires it, would be a task in which all the learned societies, universities, high schools, parent-teacher associations, prison welfare leagues and fact-finding agencies in the world might unsuccessfully engage. One can only poke around the problem. Mr. Milliken goes to the movie house and sees a thousand seekers after truth and culture being edified and educated. Mr. E. H. Sothern goes and sees "these wide-mouthed, pop-eyed men and women drinking in filth and vulgarity." We go and see people killing time; some of them obviously pleased, some of them obviously bored, but most of them quite indifferently getting rid of the evening. Mr. Milliken returns elated; what he has seen has given a lift to his stride, and wings to his soul, but Mr. Sothern's agitation is of a different character. What he has seen has brought out all the murderous sentiments of a soul which has been nurtured on the noblest thoughts of all the ages, and which is normally filled to overflowing with good-will toward men. When Mr. Milliken is tempted to base action, he need only go to a movie to recover his spiritual equanimity, but that is certainly the last place to which anyone would advise Mr. Sothern to go for help in his wrestlings with Satan.

Now we doubt whether Mr. Hays's bureau can guarantee that the average intelligent citizen will react to any given picture with Mr. Milliken rather than with Mr. Sothern. We doubt whether Mr. Hays can guarantee anything at all about the "moral impression" which a film will convey. Of course we have no very clear notion of the duties of Mr. Hays's and Mr. Milliken's organization. It must be good for the business, or they would not hold their jobs. We recall, rather vaguely, that Mr. Hays was invited to become some sort of overseer of the industry, not because he knew anything at all about motion pictures, but because his moral integrity was unquestioned, and it was hoped that his name and presence would help to create public respect for the industry, which had been receiving a number of very black eyes. As we remember, it was said that Mr. Hays would become the Kenesaw Mountain Landis of the films, and everyone knows that Judge K. M. Landis was asked to become the czar of baseball in order to assure the public that the scandals of 1919 would not be repeated. But that is all we remember.

Mr. Milliken throws some light on this subject. He describes the motion-picture industry as coöperating "during the past several years" (since the appearance of Mr. Hays, of course) "with more than four hundred responsible religious, civic and educational groups." From these "coöperating elements" it asks nothing, but "on the contrary it has provided them with a channel, which they greatly desired, through which their influence and opinion on the maintaining and improvement of motion-picture standards could reach the makers of pictures in Hollywood." During the past several years we have not been scrupulously attentive to the films, but with everyone else we have seen the pictures of which Hollywood has been most proud—the finest flowering of the industry under the great moral and educational influence of Mr. Hays. Our conclusion is that the channel needs dredging.

PATRIOTIC POLITICIANS

DR. JOHNSON'S well-known declaration that patriotism is the scoundrel's last ditch has often proved tragically apt, if given the political implication he intended. When stripped of every other mantle with which to cover his venality, ignorance or prejudice, your demagogue will promptly drape the flag about his loins. Behind every other appeal to the nation's eminence there lurks some bright scheme to acquire power or funds. Does somebody want to give his own little manufacturing plant a virtual monopoly? The thing to do is to declare that the progress of the United States is due to the protective principle. Is a group hankering after a bevy of nice and effective jobs in a projected federal department of education? Make it appear that such a department will protect the flag and further argument is unnecessary. What, one may well wonder, has caused the public willingness to be drugged by patriotic oratory? The answer surely is that during centuries governments ruled by a process of making themselves seem so august that any question about their sacredness was unthinkable. Now awe is of course a necessary ingredient of good social relationships. Authority is obviously as sacred a principle as humanity has unearthed. But just as it was discovered by the reason, so also it must be tested by the reason. Criticism is thus the only possible substitute for revolution—in all forms of government.

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This conclusion is steadily growing in popularity. Indeed, it seems quite clear that old-fashioned political greatness affects the modern era with nausea. The average citizen is even so thoroughly committed to believing his political leaders intellectually and spiritually porous that he accepts endeavors to "debunk" worthies of the past as eminently natural. Since the bubble of Wilsonian grandeur was pierced, it has virtually become impossible for a President or his assistants to be more than executives subject to the judgment of the board of directors. Some of us, it is true, are still a little affected by distance. If Senator Borah cannot arouse many voluntary thurifers to accompany his person, Mr. MacDonald has been somewhat more fortunate here. And we imagine that if Signor Mussolini deigned to appear in Gotham, the very elevated trains would probably make a perceptible effort to smother their raucousness.

Much educative value therefore lies in an attentive reading of the memoirs to which Herr Philipp Scheidemann has given the title The Making of New Germany. It is relatively a surprise to discover that politicians in one country are much like those in another —that the man who led the Social Democratic party and announced the coming of the republic after the kaiser had taken to his heels is, beneath the skin, a brother of whatever United States senator you care to mention. He puts himself frankly on record, first because he is interested in himself and secondly because he has no illusions about himself. All during his life Scheidemann has been squarely a man of the laboring class in which he was born and the interests of which he struggled to further. A certain rough, ready and semi-cynical familiarity with practical issues takes the place of more philosophic or idealistic considerations. He accepts existence as being one-half wurst and bread, and one-half altruistic intelligence. This is a man who can speak, confer and act with a little more skill than others, but who remains essentially on a level with half the citizens of Kassel. What is more, he knows all this and likes it.

The more important aspect of the book, however, is the manner in which Scheidemann typifies modern Germany. A generation ago the Reich was a place wherein the trappings of royalty were all wheels of an alarm clock which announced that it was time for a salute. How transitory a matter human glory is could hardly be taught better than by contrasting what was said regarding the kaiser in 1910 and what was said about him in 1920. Scheidemann is laconic and final on the matter: "The emperor saw three courses before him. General Groener, as everybody knows, and other superior officers advised the first; he should enter the trenches and wait till a bullet went through his head. It was too dangerous and he declined the proposal. The second course, which he had talked over with another general, was to lead his troops back to Berlin. He considered it possible, till General Groener told him that the army would go back home under its own generals in peace and order, but not under the leadership of His Majesty. William preferred what seemed to him the least dangerous course and the one best suited to his heroic nature—he bolted." More need not and cannot be said. These phrases summarize the conclusions arrived at by a people which is now perhaps the most realistic in the world. Everybody prominently identified with the great war epic and its aftermath has told his story and that of others with a plainness which almost beggars description. Not a single illusion, not a bit of tinsel, has survived. Realism ended the Hohenzollern empire. Realism saved the Germans from the tantrums of the Bolsheviki. Realism has guided the renaissance of this vanquished people, step by step.

That is why careful consideration of the German story is so profoundly instructive for us all. The kaiser could have been the greatest man in the history of the Fatherland—if he had been what he professed to be. Stresemann, whom his country has mourned with affecting unanimity, became a hero through the now dependable recipe of accomplishing what he said he would. In every single department of contemporary German political expression one finds that the critical endeavor of a democracy which takes itself literally is blocking up every cranny through which a restoration of the old order might slip in. Those who talk—sometimes very logically indeed—about the downfall of democracy may well pause to consider this, the most gigantic test case in all history. Never was a people more committed to anti-democracy than the Germans, and never has a people been more thoroughly converted than the Germans. We cannot have the old order because we have seen through it. We mistrust everything which acquires dignity through being patriotic, because we have seen so many patriots who are not dignified.

But of course the vices of democracy are not remedied thereby. The demagogue is eternal and constantly gets his seat in popular assemblies. One feels that the best way to guard against him is, after all, Scheidemann's. Defense of human worth must not mean forgetfulness of human limitations. Every phrase in the vocabulary of nationalism needs to be judged by that principle. A country is a place where one belongs, and which one therefore loves. It is a geographical area which hedges in one's most vital interests and properties. But when, under the spell of oratory or music, it moves off gracefully to the clouds and begins to acquire the tints of some unbelievably radiant landscape, it is time for us to be on our guard. For when this transfer of the real to the visionary is not the outgrowth of a humdrum hankering after some substantial privilege (the kaiser left behind an exceedingly well-stocked cellar) it may even be, more dangerously, a confusion of values, a blurring of realities, for which in the end we shall pay dearly. Satire is only rarely a great art, but it remains one of the best social disinfectants at the disposal of humanity.

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FIFTY YEARS OF SAINT THOMAS

By J. LOEWENBERG

Fifty years ago last summer Pope Leo XIII recommended to Catholic scholars the writings and intellectual attitude of Saint Thomas Aquinas. His encyclical letter —Aeterni Patris—has therefore been read and discussed anew during recent months. The following paper, by a professor of philosophy in the University of California, summarizes very ably non-Catholic views of the event. We may add that it is, with some changes, the manuscript of an address delivered at Saint Mary's College, California, at the meeting held in commemoration of the encyclical letter.—The Editors.

POPE LEO'S encyclical of August 4, 1879, the fiftieth anniversary of which has been the occasion of a number of addresses, is worthy of commemoration by all serious students of philosophy. Although the aim of Pope Leo's famous instructions was to revive for Catholic education the principles of Scholasticism, and, more especially, "to restore the golden wisdom of Saint Thomas," the importance of the great encyclical for teachers and scholars outside the Catholic Church invites on this occasion particular emphasis. I am grateful for the privilege of adding my words to it.

What can a non-Catholic student of philosophy say about the Pope's momentous effort to restore to its ancient dignity the wisdom of the Scholastics? It is of course not expected of him that he should believe in the finality of that wisdom. Nor can it be expected of him that he should reject as "errors" all the philosophic views that are inconsistent with those of the Schoolmen. Yet, without raising the issue whether the only "true" philosophy is that of the Angelic Doctor, or whether any philosophy that differs from it is necessarily "false," there are two reasons why a non-Catholic student may rejoice in the revival of Scholasticism brought about by Pope Leo's encyclical. One reason is quite obvious. The encyclical contains a plea for genuine scholarship. In the study of Scholasticism the Pope urges a return to the sources; he indicates the historical method in dealing with the great thinkers of Catholic faith; he does not confuse the spirit with the letter of a traditional doctrine. In speaking of the wisdom of Saint Thomas, the encyclical says:

> If there be anything [in it] that ill agrees with the discoveries of a later age, or, in a word, improbable in whatever way, it does not enter Our mind to propose that for imitation to Our age. Let carefully selected teachers endeavor to implant the doctrine of Saint Thomas in the minds of students, and set forth his solidity and excellence over others. Let the academies already founded or to be founded . . . illustrate and defend this doctrine. . . . But, lest the false for the true or the corrupt for the pure be drunk in, be ye watchful that the doctrine of Thomas be drawn from his own fountains. . . ; be careful to guard the minds of youth from those which are said to flow thence, but in reality are gathered from strange and unwholesome streams.

The injunction to draw the doctrine of Saint Thomas "from his own fountains" is a definite rebuke to all those who assume that brief summaries may be substituted for the original works of a great thinker. The study of compendious text-books is never the same as the study of authentic texts. The Pope's instruction that Saint Thomas be revived by a study of his own works, and that his "golden wisdom" as embodied in the original texts be interpreted in the light of modern discoveries, is a powerful plea for philosophic scholarship, a plea in which all earnest students must rejoice, whatever their opinion about the permanent truth of Scholastic doctrine. For philosophic scholarship is nothing else than competent mastery of original texts, and a mastery which involves assimilation of ancient learning to modes of thought and ways of insight characteristic of the age in which such textual studies are prosecuted.

The consequences of philosophic scholarship, in the sense which is here adumbrated, and which the Pope's encyclical urges in behalf of Scholasticism, have actually proved to be of the greatest moment. In the first place, the revival of Scholastic learning has been accomplished by a critical study of original sources, upon which the labors of many great scholars have been spent, and such critical research has led to a recognition by non-Catholics of the vast importance for modern thought of the methods and results of Scholastic doctrine. No longer may the histories of philosophy written by non-Catholics ignore the treasures of Thomism. Such treasures are no longer hidden or inaccessible. They have become restored in their full splendor by the researches of authorities whose competence and integrity are recognized by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. In the second place, a change of attitude in the opposite direction has also occurred. Just as it is now impossible for non-Catholic text-books to relegate to secondary importance the original and fertile ideas of the Scholastic doctors, so likewise cavalier treatment by Catholic text-books of the methods and results of modern philosophers is becoming increasingly untenable. The command of Leo XIII to draw the doctrine of Saint Thomas "from his own fountains," lest his authentic ideas be adulterated or perverted if uncritically derived from sources not approved of by the unanimous opinion of learned men, is a command which has equal validity with respect to every modern thinker.

The need of such scholarship is indeed emphasized by all those who are concerned about the future of Scholasticism. As Father Rickaby puts it (in Scholasticism, his volume dealing with the subject):

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> (1) Scholasticism will return; (2) It will not return as it was in the middle-ages. In other words, what will come back will be Neo-Scholasticism.

This means vigorous study, not only of the works of the ancient Scholastics, but also of the work of modern thinkers in the light of whose results ancient Scholasticism may require reinterpretation. For instance, again quoting Father Rickaby:

> Any pretense to tell what Saint Thomas now would say, were he alive, must be illusory unless it be grounded upon an accurate and adequate knowledge of what he actually has said in the writings which he has bequeathed to us. The one safe foundation of Neo-Thomism, then, is Thomism, by which I here mean a thorough hold on the philosophical system of Saint Thomas as it appears in his works. A pioneer and founder of Neo-Thomism will not in all things remain a Thomist, but he must begin with being a Thomist in the sense just defined. He must have caught up with the Saint before he can go beyond him. His goal must be the twentieth century, but his starting-point the thirteenth. He must carry Thomas faithfully through seven centuries, and in his furthest and most daring innovation be still Thomistic.

Whether such a program can be realized need not here be inquired into; at all events, if Thomas is to be carried "through seven centuries," the works of these seven centuries must be studied and known in that spirit of philosophic scholarship which Pope Leo's encyclical invokes for the study and knowledge of the volumes of the Angelic Doctor. The wisdom of the philosophers belonging to the modern age will not be found in the stereotyped text-books; it, too, must be recaptured by a return to the original sources. Pope Leo's demand when thus generalized implies the same obligation for Catholics and non-Catholics alike: if the wisdom of all philosophers is to be drawn from their own fountains, then non-Catholics are obliged to acquire an accurate and intimate knowledge of the texts of the Schoolmen; but, by the same token, it behooves students professing the Catholic faith to become thoroughly acquainted with the original writings of modern thinkers.

One reason, then, for remembering today the work which Pope Leo initiated in his great encyclical lies in this, that through it a basis has been provided on which scholars of all faiths may meet and labor together. The basis on which men of diverse beliefs may coöperate without contentiousness, though not the only basis, is certainly that of honest scholarship required for the disclosure of what the great thinkers of the race have actually taught. To do this calls for intellectual discipline of the highest order, and of the need and the importance of this discipline Pope Leo's encyclical is a signal recognition. That in consequence of Pope Leo's famous instructions, Catholics and non-Catholics must henceforth prosecute in common the tasks of philosophic scholarship was the opinion of my friend and teacher, the late Josiah Royce.

More than twenty-five years ago Royce published an article in the Boston Evening Transcript on Pope Leo's Philosophical Movement and Its Relation to Modern Thought. The title is significant. It epitomizes the fact that, through the Pope's encyclical, Scholastic philosophy and modern thought have in some measure become partners in the common tasks of human civilization. Royce, who knew and cherished the works of the Schoolmen, appreciated profoundly the meaning of the movement inaugurated by Pope Leo. As he says in the article referred to:

> If the process which Leo initiated continues to go on unhindered, the positive results for the increase of a wholesome coöperation between Catholic and non-Catholic investigators will probably be both great and helpful.

Royce spoke of course from the point of view of a non-Catholic. He wrote:

> As an outsider, I do not, I think, at all exaggerate the degree to which the intellectual life of Catholicism has actually been altered in the course of this process. I recognize how very conservative the great body of Catholic theologians have remained, and I do not imagine that either the dogmas or the political policy of that Church will undergo any notable change at any early date in consequence of the movement of which I speak, no matter how far it goes. But what I do see . . . is (1) that there is a distinct increase of active coöperation on the part of Catholic scholars in the relatively neutral tasks of modern science and scholarship. I see also (2) that there is a great increase in the understanding and appreciation of philosophers (such, for instance, as Kant) whom Catholic teachers all used to condemn without reserve or knowledge, but whom some of them, notably in France, have lately been disposed not only to comprehend, but also, in certain respects, openly to follow. And (3) I also read, occasionally, efforts to show that there is nothing in the "philosophical principles" of Scholasticism which is at all hostile to the transformation of species, or to the whole set of doctrines known by the name of evolution, in so far, at least, as these doctrines are matters of natural science. . . . I find such views maintained, with various modifications, by men whose position among the faithful seems, at least when viewed from without, to be quite secure.

What Royce wrote twenty-five years ago is still true today. The unity of spirit in philosophic scholarship noted by him has grown apace. Time does not permit a survey of philosophic activities produced by the coöperation between Catholic and non-Catholic scholars. Let me but mention, as far as this country is concerned, the frequent presence in the Department of Philosophy at Harvard University of two authoritative exponents of Scholastic learning and tradition. M. de Wulf, of the University of Louvain, and E. Gilson, of the University of Paris, have in recent years added much weight and great distinction to the teaching of philosophy at my alma mater; through their lectures and books they have succeeded in exhibiting to non-Catholic students the depth and the significance

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of the doctrines of the Schools, and in stimulating a profound and sustained interest in them. On the other side, I may refer to the New Scholasticism, a philosophical quarterly of great solidity, which devotes many articles and reviews to an understanding of philosophic products emanating from non-Catholic sources. These articles and reviews, though reflecting the standpoint of Catholic philosophy, are always written with fairness and moderation, aiming above everything else at cogent analysis and sound criticism. Through this organ Catholic students are kept fully informed about philosophic researches carried on by non-Catholic thinkers. And whatever the vigor with which the validity of the results of these researches is often disputed by the contributors to the New Scholasticism, I am always struck by their honest effort to understand thoroughly even where their criticism is most severe. The ideal of scholarship, such as Pope Leo demanded for the study of Scholasticism, our contemporary Scholastics have taken to heart in dealing with philosophic endeavors of every sort.

Surely this rapprochement between Catholic and non-Catholic scholars is a result of that philosophic discipline to which all minds must submit if they are to master human speculations and not be mastered by them. Philosophic discipline can only come through intimate knowledge of the works of the great masters of thought, such as Plato, Aristotle, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, Kant, Hegel; and this discipline is urgently needed if our understanding of things is to be clear and not confused, and if our thinking is to be sustained and not fitful. Reflective Catholics and non-Catholics will both agree that faith has nothing to fear from philosophy: if faith is once firmly established, no philosophy, however deficient or one-sided, will be able to dislodge it; and if faith is absent, it will not be implanted in the hearts of men by a system of abstract propositions, no matter how cogent. But a technical issue of this sort does not fall within the purview of my present discussion. How far faith and reason are distinct and yet associated is a stupendous problem; it is the problem of all the Schoolmen, and, in one form or another, it is a problem with which every philosopher is concerned. What I wish to emphasize is the spirit of philosophy as such rather than the truth of a particular philosophy with respect to this technical issue or to that. All philosophy, if I may here adopt the words of William James, is "only an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly and consistently." We cannot renounce philosophy without at the same time surrendering reason as the arbiter in human affairs.

And this discloses a second motive why a non-Catholic may join in commemorating the Pope's encyclical. Those who recognize the importance of philosophic discipline as the basis of clear thinking, those who accord preëminence to the rule of reason rather than to the rule of passion in human life, may honestly and sincerely applaud the Pope's famous exhortation to study Saint Thomas. An unbiased opinion will share in the Pope's estimate of Saint Thomas that "philosophy has no part which, he did not touch at once finely and thoroughly." A lover of philosophic discipline will not deny the Pope's declaration that reason was borne "on the wings of Thomas to its human height." And because the dignity of reason is in the philosophy of Saint Thomas so beautifully defended, and because the integrity of reason is in it so gloriously vindicated, every disinterested student must regard the Pope's encyclical as a historical event of major importance, whatever his relations to this or that religious faith.

As one who cherishes philosophic discipline for its own sake, as well as for the sake of the reasonable life, I see in the appeal to Saint Thomas an appeal to the spirit of philosophy itself. All philosophy is not Thomistic, nor is Thomism separable from those great questions of faith which are either anterior or ulterior to philosophic speculation. This must be said by a non-Catholic in order neither to hyperbolize nor to limit unduly the Thomistic philosophy. Thomism is not coterminous with all reason, and at the same time it is much more than reason. But it is one of the very superb achievements of human intelligence, a supreme instance of philosophic discipline, a traditional and still vital example of an "unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly and consistently." The study of Saint Thomas today must inevitably provide that synoptic view of things without which we are lost in the chaos of impressions and in the jungle of passions.

We of today have a special need of philosophic discipline. We live in a mechanical and industrial age. We have attained marvelous efficiency in coping with the material forces of nature. We have all but conquered time and space. We are said to be a prosperous nation. Our economic system is a monument to human power and ingenuity. In providing comforts and luxuries of life we are astonishingly progressive and inventive. In fashioning the means of existence we have shown ourselves possessed of incomparable genius. But there is little clearness about the ends and purposes of life. We cannot assert of justice that she is even-handed. Many of our political leaders are without that philosophic nature which Plato demanded of those who are to rule over us. Prejudice is rampant. There is a deplorable confusion of ideals. Our lawmakers are at the mercy of conflicting opinions and values. Many of our laws are violations of conscience. The rule of reason is absent from many of our legislative enactments. And open lawlessness is the price we are called upon to pay for the existence of laws not sustained by sound criticism. What is to save us from lack of vision and spiritual discontent? Philosophic discipline alone will not give us courage to seek and hope to labor. But it can give us clearness of thought and depth of insight. We students of philosophy must work together to clarify judgment and make operative the blessings of calm understanding.

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REBUILDING DIPLOMACY

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

THERE is considerable significance in the fact that the one Department of the government singled out by President Hoover in his annual message to Congress as requiring additional appropriations for the next fiscal year is the Department of State. Others estimate increases—the War Department, over three million dollars; the Navy Department, about eighteen million; the Department of Agriculture about ten million; the Department of Justice, about four million—but nothing was said about these in the annual message, although they are properly discussed in the budget message.

The chief reason for this apparent discrimination in favor of the State Department is that it is more urgently in need of reorganization than any other. It is apparent also that it is the one Department of the government which can be reorganized without in any way interfering with other plans for reorganization by the administration, for which broad powers are requested of Congress and the need of which is so pressing and so generally recognized that it was promised by both party platforms and both of the leading candidates at the last presidential election.

The case of the State Department is individual. The only instance in which its work overlaps that of any other Department in a material way is in the foreign work of the Department of Commerce—a difficulty participated in to some extent by the foreign work of the Departments of Agriculture and Labor. The clash of interests between the Departments of State and Commerce has been serious at times, but much if not all of the overlapping of function can be—to some extent, actually has been—remedied by administrative action. As a matter of fact, the reorganization of the State Department will further this end to a very considerable degree.

It is uncertain exactly what form this reorganization will take, but it is known that in any event it depends primarily upon the increased appropriations which the President recommends. This increase, already approved by the Bureau of the Budget, calls for an additional appropriation of $2,443,000. It is required primarily for the employment of additional officers both in the Department itself and in the field. It was brought out in hearings before the committees of Congress at the last session that the Foreign Service at that time was in urgent need of seventy-three additional officers for the field, and that the Department itself as urgently required fifty additional officers to carry on its ordinary work; while, if the government of Russia should be recognized and diplomatic relations with that country should be resumed, the Department must have still another fifty for that work. No provision for any of these officers was made by Congress, apparently because the matter was not pressed in the face of the administration's policy of economy.

A request for a considerable portion of the additional appropriations was made two and four years ago, but was refused by the Bureau of the Budget. On the other hand sentiment in Congress, so far as it could be ascertained, was favorable to an increase in funds and a general reorganization of the Department and the Foreign Service. The Senate in the last Congress passed the Moses Bill for a reorganization of the Foreign Service so as to correct certain abuses, chiefly in the matter of personnel, which have grown up out of the administration of the Rogers Act establishing the Foreign Service upon a united and permanent basis. Chairman Porter, of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, introduced a bill for the reorganization of the Department itself upon which the Committee held hearings covering several weeks—hearings whose results will doubtless appear in the legislation to be passed by the present Congress.

It is probable that the proposed legislation will include provision not only for the additional officers needed in the Department and in the field but also for the appointment of two additional Assistant Secretaries of State, one for administrative purposes and one as an expert on international law, with possibly an additional Under-Secretary. It will also provide for the establishment of a Home Service in the Department whose officers shall be permanent, protected by provisions for retirement, and otherwise encouraged to make service in the Department the same sort of career as that now afforded in the Foreign Service. A certain amount of interchangeability between the two services must be provided for in a manner similar to that obtaining in the Home and Foreign Service of the British Foreign Office. But whether at home or abroad, the services will be permanent and as efficient as men of experience in foreign affairs at home and abroad can make them.

Very likely, reorganization within the Department itself will be rather drastic. The present system dates almost from time immemorial. The Assistant Secretaries for the most part in recent years have been men trained in general diplomacy rather than as specialists in any particular line of diplomacy. From time to time various bureaus have been organized to have immediate charge of the several divisions into which the work of the Department can be divided—geographical divisions in the first place, but also such matters as passports, treaties, ceremonies and commercial work, as well as routine matters like indexing and archives, treaties, general coördination and the like. More recently the tendency has been to choose Assistant Secretaries as specialists in the diplomacy and affairs of

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various parts of the world by geographical divisions. The disposition of the present administration seems to be toward the selection of assistants by specialties—a specialist in charge of extraterritoriality, or international armaments or, perhaps more important than all, commercial affairs—rather than a division of work on geographical lines. All these matters depend upon the action taken by Congress. Bills covering the major features of the general reorganization of both the Foreign Service and the State Department have already been introduced in the two Houses and it is generally agreed among members of Congress that legislation along this line will be among the first of the general matters considered in the current session, and that it will be passed substantially without opposition.

An increase in the expenditures of the federal government has become inevitable. With the country growing in population and particularly with constant increase in the activities and various services of the federal government, an increase in the cost of it all is naturally to be expected. The only question is whether or not tax-payers are securing their money's worth in governmental service. The fact that one-half of the prospective increase in expenditures in the next three years is for purely military services gives occasion for pause. This increase is proposed at a time when the prospect of war between the United States and any other nation is more attenuated than at any time in the past forty years. The anxiety of the administration in Washington to reduce army expenditures by overhauling the army establishment and eliminating all factors and services which are not effective in modern warfare or which are not worth their cost, can readily be understood.

The fact that the military expenditures of this country, as indicated by President Hoover, constitute the largest military and naval budget in the world at the present time is rather disconcerting, but as a matter of fact this does not mean that the United States has the largest army or the largest navy or the largest combination of the two; far from it. The fact is that the army and navy of the United States cost more than those of certain other countries because army and navy pay is higher, army expenses are greater because of the high cost of men and materials, navy expenses are greater because the cost of vessels, repairs and materials are greater than they are in other countries—in short the United States operates its military establishments upon a generous basis. The pay of a private soldier or a sailor in the navy is good pay, all things considered. The pay of their prototypes in the naval and military establishments of other countries is little more than nominal. Perhaps this is as it should be. At all events, the facts are that we get less for our money than other countries and in a general way the American people are satisfied that such should be the case, for it is the American system of doing things.

Accepting these premises as satisfactory to the American people with respect to the army and navy, however, what is to be said of the treatment of the Foreign Service in recent years? There seems to be an impression abroad that the Foreign Service of the United States is well treated; that its personnel is fairly well paid and that the conditions of service are good. The facts are that the service has lost something like fifty officers during the current year largely because of unsatisfactory conditions of service and a lack of financial and other support. Congress has made a very acceptable move in the direction of providing proper housing for the service abroad, but in spite of the more or less generous appropriations so far, the great mass of men in the service lack satisfactory housing and adequate allowances for expenses of representation; and most of them lack adequate salaries and are compelled to serve years without promotion, financially or otherwise.

The truth is that both the Department of State itself and the Foreign Service are starved for lack of men and money. Hence, if taxation is to be held to a minimum—and in this all agree—it is doubly important that any possible savings in the American military and naval establishments or any other departments of the government should be realized. What is more important, perhaps, is better coördination in the expenditures of government, not only savings where savings can be effected but more effective expenditures, even larger expenditures in some departments. There seems to be no question that the so-called economy which has been the policy in the federal government for the past five years or so has so crippled some of the activities of the government that they are commencing to fall far short of that usefulness which the American people have a right to expect. While expenditures for so-called defense have been increasing from year to year, appropriations for the scientific and sociological activities of the government have been more or less at a standstill—where they have not actually decreased.

Cockcrow: Woodstock

The cock that crew when Peter lied
Crows now, and in his throat
Lugubrious and empty pride
Strains with a warning note.

More melancholy than the owl,
This chanticleer of death—
This tragi-comic barnyard fowl
Whose triple-taken breath

Reminds us that another morn
In beauty riding high
Will scarcely echo his vain horn
Before we shall deny

Thrice, and three times thrice, His Name.
(How cunning art Thou, Lord,
To herald our perennial shame
By this perennial bird!)

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

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THE NEW CATHOLIC BIBLE

By JOSEPH KEATING

Last week Father Keating outlined the history of the Westminster Version of the Scriptures, as the new English translation of the Bible is termed. He described the international character of the undertaking, and gave some account of difficulties successfully overcome. In the following paper the reader is made to see why previous editions of Holy Writ have been so unsatisfactory—have, indeed, made neglect of even the Gospels quite popular. The reader also may learn, in this present discussion, to discern some of the basic problems of Scripture study and translation.—The Editors.

AN OFFICIAL attempt at a new and accurate English rendering of the Vulgate, although backed by a provincial council had failed. Perhaps the result might be secured by a private effort which committed no one. So had come to think the promoters of the Westminster Version who, after having been counseled by a prominent English bishop not to press for the appointment of an episcopal commission and the establishment of a board of editors and translators, lest the project should be indefinitely delayed, issued in 1913 a translation of Thessalonians —the shortest and perhaps the first of Saint Paul's Epistles—as Part I of Volume III of the whole New Testament. The English hierarchy at their annual meeting that year had approved of the enterprise, but this first essay was by way of experiment, and the further prosecution of the work depended on its reception. Happily, the welcome it received augured well for its success, and it has been steadily pursued ever since. The great war proved an inevitable cause of delay, and the consequent enhanced cost of production also made it move more slowly. The first volume to be finished was that which contains Saint Paul's Epistles to the Churches, a new version of which was most urgently needed. No other part of the New Testament has suffered more than this from inadequate and misleading renderings and the general editors have frequently been gratified to hear that their work in this regard has made the great Apostle really intelligible for the first time to many readers. This volume has already reached its second edition.

It may be asked why the editors have deserted the Church's approved version, the Latin Vulgate, a version produced originally by Saint Jerome and declared "authentic" by the Council of Trent. The reason is this: In the first place, the Vulgate has been, since 1907, under revision by a commission of Benedictine scholars, originally headed by the late Cardinal Gasquet—a work of such magnitude that it will not be finished for many years. Secondly, although Saint Jerome had access to Greek manuscripts much earlier and therefore, presumably more accurate, than any now extant, still biblical scholarship, and, we may add, zeal for exactness at a much higher level than in his day, and the incessant labors of scholars have produced a Greek text the substantial correctness of which is not in any doubt. We thus get nearer to the minds of the original writers than if we sought to reach them through Saint Jerome's intellect, powerful and well-equipped as it was. Again, the vernacular translations in other European languages —which are more numerous than those in English: there is nothing corresponding to a Douay Version in France or Germany—go back in most cases to the originals. The Chief French version, the Crampon Bible, does so, and similarly the German. Add to this the fact that English Protestant versions, which are likely to need correction, are all based on the originals. There is, finally, no ecclesiastical law or custom binding Catholics to use the Vulgate in their translations, but of course it would be folly to overlook a version the critical value of which is recognized by all scholars. The translators of the Westminster Version, therefore, have had constant recourse to the Vulgate for reference and comparison. Their Greek text is in the main that of Westcott and Hort, qualified by the consensus of other very eminent critics, such as von Soden.

Two objects, as we have said, have been kept constantly in view—the most accurate rendering possible of the sacred record, and a worthy material presentation of a message so sublime. The first raises the crucial question to be faced by all translators—are we to put down what we know the author means or merely what he actually says. The danger of the first course is obvious. "What he means" is equivalent to "What we think he means," and thus we are apt to produce an interpretation or a paraphrase rather than a translation. On the other hand, a bold literalism may result in unintelligibility, as we have already seen. A further example will illustrate this twofold peril. Take an obscure passage, viz., II Corinthians, 1, 17-20, as rendered by the Rheims translators and a modern non-Catholic version. Saint Paul is excusing himself to the Corinthians for an apparent change of plans:

Rheims (1582)

Whereas then I was thus minded; did I use lightness? Or the things that I mind, do I mind according to the flesh, that there be with me *It is* and *It is not?* But God is faithful, because our preaching which was to you, there is not in it, *It is and It is not*: for the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who by us was preached among you, by me

The Twentieth Century New Testament (1904)

As this was my plan, where, pray did I show any *fickleness* of purpose? Or do you think my plans are formed on mere impulse so that in the same breath I say "Yes" and "No"? As God is True the Message that we brought you does not waver between "Yes" and "No." The Son of God, Christ Jesus whom

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and Sylvanus and Timothy, was not *It is and It is not,* but *It is* was in Him: for all the promises of God that are in Him *It is.*

we—Silas, Timothy and I —proclaimed among you, never wavered between "Yes" and "No." With Him it has always been "Yes." For many as were the promises of God, in Christ is the "Yes" that fulfils them.

The free rendering is admirably clear; the literal exceedingly obscure. But we must own that the first is of the nature of a paraphrase; which has its use as an explanation of a text but should not appear as the text itself. It will be seen that the Westminster Version itself, although here more free than usual, still may claim to follow the text and yet be intelligible:

> Now in purposing thus, did I, forsooth, show fickleness? Or what I plan, do I plan according to the flesh, so that, with me, it is now "Yea, yea" and now "Nay, nay"? God is my witness that our message to you is not now "Yea" and now "Nay!" For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who hath been preached amongst you by us—by myself, by Silvanus, by Timothy—was not now "Yea" and now "Nay," but "Yea" alone was in Him. For as many as are the promises of God in him they find their "yea."

It must be owned that in translating Saint Paul the temptation to paraphrase is very strong. Saint Peter himself bears pathetic witness that in the Epistles there are certain things hard to be understood (II Peter, III, 15, 16). The difficulty arises not merely from the sublimity and novelty of the message set forth, but also from the genius of the writer and the individuality of his style—allusive, metaphorical, abrupt, unstudied, eloquent yet disdaining the polish of the rhetorician and overcharged with thoughts too vast and weighty for their vehicle. An irrepressible vehemence of utterance breaks through grammar and escapes: there is no one who could not "tidy up" Saint Paul, and supply a word or expand an idea which would remove obscurities and ambiguities, straightening out a tangled sentence, showing logical connections, toning down strained metaphors—but the conscientious translator has no mission to improve his author's style. All he should do is to set down whatever is in any way expressed, and leave necessary interpretation to notes.

A further question as to the actual language employed. Obviously there were no archaisms or obsolete words in the sacred writings at the time of their composition: they were composed in the language of that time. Should they be rendered in the language of our time? Modern speech certainly makes for clearness, but there is more than clearness to be considered here. The literature of the Bible is unique: it is sacred; it is historic. The accident of time has created, in English at any rate, a kind of biblical language which should not be indiscriminately discarded. Common speech is for common things. In the Westminster Version the style aims at being simple and harmonious, free from anachronisms and obsolete idioms, having intelligibility first in view and, after that, dignity of utterance.

But intelligibility, fidelity, dignity, would all be wasted unless the outward form of the Version were also worthy of the matter. The New Testament has been "edited" with something of the care and consideration hitherto reserved for the profane classics. The type chosen is large and clear; the format of the four-volume New Testament edition is crown octavo. The matter is divided according to sense into sections and paragraphs, with subtitles to indicate change of subject and with all the notes necessary for complete intelligibility. The old narrow columns and numbered verse-divisions (dating only from Stephen's Greek text, 1551) which so interfere with legibility, are abolished, but the numbers are retained in the margin for convenience of reference. Moreover, each separate Scripture, Gospel, Epistle, etc., is dealt with in its appropriate setting of authorship, time and circumstance. Certain points of dogmatic importance are treated more fully in appendices; but the editors have had in view mainly the devout reader who wishes to follow the counsel of Pope Leo and use the Scriptures for spiritual nourishment:

> Let all understand how deeply the sacred books should be esteemed, and with what eagerness and reverence they should approach this arsenal of heavenly arms. But this is impossible unless the Scriptures are studied and read continuously.

However, clerical students and the educated laity also have been considered. Hitherto the exhortations of ecclesiastical authorities that the faithful should study the Scriptures have had the less effect because of the repellent form in which they have been provided. A library has been issued as a single book. Even if Old and New Testaments have been separately bound, yet all this literature, comprising every variety of composition—history, folk-lore, abridged chronicles, genealogies, anecdotal biographies, legislation, proverbs, parables, visions, poetry, speeches, prophecies—and produced during a period of some sixteen centuries, is treated as if it were a single treatise composed by one mind in a uniform literary medium! No student of English literature, for instance, would tolerate his subject being so presented, and his textbook issued as a version in French or German of selections from Caedmon and Alfred, Chaucer and Holinshed, the Elizabethan dramatists, Bacon, Clarendon, the Statutes at Large, Macaulay, Carlyle, Newman, Scott, Keble, Browning, all chopped up into short numbered sections and printed in double columns of small type: yet apart from rare and costly editions de luxe, this is what has long been put before the English-speaking Catholic, as the food of his soul! I submit that, if only as an attempt to remove this reproach, the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures is well worth the consideration of the faithful.

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FARMING AS A BUSINESS

By ROBERT STEWART

THERE is probably no field of thought where there is so much loose and unsound thinking as in agricultural economics, yet there is no field where accurate thinking, talking and writing are so urgently needed at the present moment. The condition of agriculture is of vital concern, not alone to the farmer, but equally also to the banker and manufacturer, the laboring and professional man. It is important that all realize the situation confronting the farmer, and that there be a clear conception regarding the far-reaching fundamental changes through which agriculture is now passing, if a sane solution of the farm problem is to be achieved. And this problem must be solved, since the continued prosperity of the country as a whole is contingent on the prosperity of its agriculture. Unless that becomes prosperous, our boasted industrial welfare will prove, in the long run, to be a tragic illusion.

The revolution now taking place as regards management, size of the farm business, efficiency in production, elimination of the marginal operator, changes in methods of financing and marketing, is as momentous in the field of agriculture as are similar changes which have occurred and are occurring in other lines of industry, yet there is a paucity of real information regarding these most important influences upon our most basic industry. The changes in farming methods are being brought about by the operation of certain fundamental economic forces, and are irresistibly influencing the lives of many millions of human beings. As is the case in all revolutions, there has been marked distress and much real suffering among those most vitally affected by the radical changes taking place. Let us consider some of the most important of these changes and their effect on agriculture.

In the days of our forefathers, the entire family worked on the farm. There was no time for school, travel or reading. The tools used were crude and the farming was so poorly done that the farm produced little more than what the family consumed. Over 90 percent of the population lived on farms. With the introduction of machinery and better methods, a one-farm family produced as much as two families could consume. This made it possible for one-half of the population (now three-fourths) to do other kinds of work. The farmer became a purchaser of manufactured articles, thus creating a new market for the products of the city. But there are still too many farmers. And if civilization is to progress, there must still be a continued movement away from the farm and toward the city.

This is the day of the merger in all lines of endeavor. There are almost daily mergers of newspapers, charities, hospitals and clubs. In the industrial field the tendency to mergers is supreme. Competition here has become so keen that only those producers and distributors can succeed who have reduced their costs by the elimination of all waste. The larger the merger the more successful the industry, seems to be the rule. The growth of the chain-store system, for example, is one of the outstanding developments which the past decade has witnessed.

The conception that the ideal farming system is one based upon the foundation of the small land-owning operator, and that centralization is not only impractical but highly undesirable, is deeply rooted in this country. President Hoover, for example, in his acceptance speech, said: "Farming is and must continue to be an individualistic business of small units and independent ownership. . . . The organization of agriculture into larger units must not be by enlarged farms." This idea that the small farm unit is fundamentally vital to the welfare of our national security is widely accepted as true. Yet in an age of successful industrial combination, how can the small farm unit hope to succeed as a business proposition? Moreover, the larger farm units, in harmony with industrial experience everywhere, are distinctly the more successful! Farming at present is more than a mere "mode of living," as it was of course in pioneer days; now it is distinctly a commercialized industry.

Recently the United States Department of Agriculture made a survey in representative agricultural districts in the corn belt of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The influence of the size of the farm business upon the farmer's income was clearly demonstrated. Two-thirds of the farmers were making less than fifteen hundred dollars a year and were cultivating farms less than one hundred and sixty acres in size. The other third were cultivating farms larger than one hundred and sixty acres, and were making from nineteen hundred to six thousand dollars a year. The twelve farmers who were cultivating farms larger than four hundred acres were making over six thousand dollars a year. As in the industrial world, the larger productive units were distinctly more successful. There are still too many farmers in the country, and the small farmer is trying to accomplish the impossible in his attempt to make a business success of a small industrial unit. The mergers of small farms into larger units must continue to take place if business success in agriculture is to be generally expected.

All who have studied the problems of farming are agreed that mergers of small farm units into coöperatives and pools for the distribution of farm products is not only sound and desirable but inevitable. But is it necessarily true, as President Hoover affirms in the speech referred to above that "if the farmer's position

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is to be improved by larger operations it must be done, not on the farm, but in the field of distribution"?

The first step in the successful merchandizing of any commodity is economic production. It is futile to organize mergers for the distribution of farm products if these latter have been produced at such a high cost—as they must be on the small unit—as to prevent their profitable sale at any price the consumer can afford to pay.

The larger farm units make for more economic production and can secure modern, up-to-date equipment, which the small farmer cannot do. The larger unit can secure financial aid more easily. The costs of production are thus distinctly lower on the larger farm unit. This does not necessarily mean that the big bonanza farms of the past in the far West will be revived, but the evidence does seem clear that there are still too many small farms and that they should slowly be merged into larger units for more economic production. And, as a matter of fact, mergers of small farms into large ones are rapidly taking place. According to the United States Census, during the decade 1910-1920 the number of farms under twenty acres in size decreased by 42,573, while the number of farms over five hundred acres in size increased 25 percent. In the early life of this country, when it was primarily an agricultural country, the small self-sufficing farm was a vital thing. Now that farming has become commercialized, it is clear that it must follow the lead of successful industry elsewhere.

A DOCTOR OF LONG AGO

By JAMES J. WALSH

THE year just closed was the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lazzaro Spallanzani who, as a priest-professor in the Italian universities of the second half of the eighteenth century, did more than anyone else to bring in the modern era of observation and experiment in biology. This is not idle praise dictated by reverence for his clerical position but the confirmed opinion of modern scientists who know exactly the work that he did. Our own distinguished Professor Minot of Harvard declared in his essay, The Method of Science, that "Spallanzani established the modern standard." And so far from Professor Minot being alone in his high estimation of Spallanzani, all those who in recent years have been attracted to Spallanzani's work have felt that here indeed was a great pioneering mind with a power of arranging and appreciating the significance of experiments that has been equaled very rarely in the history of science.

The latest of Spallanzani's admirers, Professor A. Elizabeth Adams, of the Biology Department of Mount Holyoke College, writing in the December number of the Scientific Monthly, one of the official organs of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, began her article on the Italian priest-scientist with this sentence:

> Although Spallanzani worked nearly two hundred years ago—his birth occurred on January 12, 1729—his findings are still quoted, his methods commended and especially in experimental science both the variety and nicety of his experiments and the accuracy of his observations sanction his right to be considered one of the *founders of experimental biology.*

This is indeed high praise, and yet it is not difficult to parallel it with expressions of similar appreciation from other authorities who possess a very definite right to an opinion on the subject.

Colonel Garrison of the Surgeon-General's Library at Washington, in his History of Medicine, which is considered so authoritative, is very emphatic in his appreciation of Father Spallanzani's observations and experimental work. He was particularly taken with the researches on regeneration which have come to us from this Italian priest, for they represent scientific investigation of the highest order. Colonel Garrison does not hesitate to declare that Spallanzani's work continues to be significant even down to our time. His actual words are:

> These experiments were not taken up again until the end of the nineteenth century, but they contain all the essentials of the modern work of Roux, Driesch, Morgan, Loeb and others.

These names, almost needless to say, represent some of the highest biological achievement in the various countries of Europe in our generation. Professor Adams has emphasized particularly the grasp of details and the thoughtful planning of experiments which Spallanzani's work on regeneration reveals.

Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan of Columbia University, our recognized authority in this field, ranges together the names of Trembley, Reaumur, Bonnet and Spallanzani, emphasizing particularly the original researches of the Italian. Morgan in the conclusion of his own volume, Regeneration—that is, the regrowth of portions of the bodies of animals after their amputation—has insisted that this is such a significant subject in biology, and so evades all possible explanation by any process of natural selection, that it constitutes the crucial test of Darwinism. As Professor Morgan says:

> It seems highly probable that the regenerative process is one of the fundamental attributes of living things and that we can find no explanation of it as the outcome of the selective agency of the environment.

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Spallanzani has been the subject of a number of articles in connection with his two hundredth anniversary. The details of his career, which have been brought out very clearly, are interesting mainly because they represent such a distinct contradiction of a great many rather common impressions with regard to the history of science. Spallanzani is, for instance, a typical example of those students of the Jesuits, of whom there were literally dozens during the eighteenth century, who, after preliminary solid training in the classics, took up the study of mathematics and physical science and reached high distinction. So far from his clerical character and ecclesiastical position hampering his scientific development, it was just as he had begun his scientific career with an éclat that brought an invitation to professorships at various universities that he was ordained priest and thus secured the leisure and the opportunity to devote himself, without thought for his future, to his scientific experiments. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed professor of logic and metaphysics at the college of Reggio. This would seem a very unsuitable beginning for a career like his, but within a few years his leaning toward scientific subjects and experimentation manifested itself and he was offered the professorship of physics—then called natural history—at Modena.

That he was thoroughly appreciated in Italy during the second half of the eighteenth century will be very well recognized from the fact that he received invitations to professors' chairs at many of the Italian universities. After Modena he accepted the chair of natural history at the University of Pavia. There he devoted himself to the collection of specimens of various kinds illustrating the natural sciences and founded Pavia's Natural History Museum, which very soon came to be looked upon as one of the most interesting in Europe. He had been some six years at Pavia when he received an invitation to the University of Padua, which had been for 300 years of high prestige in scientific achievement. He did not accept, but he used the invitation as a lever on the university authorities of Pavia (How old the new is in such university affairs!) —partly for an increase of salary, which he proceeded to devote to the enrichment of his museum, partly for securing permission and funds for travels in Turkey. There he was received very honorably by the sultan, who helped him materially in his investigation of various scientific questions in his domain and enabled him to carry back with him many valuable specimens.

He was now known as one of the most brilliant experimental scientists of the time. His fame extended throughout Europe, and so it is not surprising that he received calls to professorships from the University of Coimbra in Portugal, of St. Petersburg in Russia and Parma in Italy. It is not often that the reputation of a scientist scarcely more than forty has spread so widely as to bring him calls from such distant centres of learning.

Spallanzani is just one of a series of priests who in the past four centuries have been distinguished leaders in science. Many scientists in our time are inclined to think of Abbot Mendel as representing a distinct exception in his combination of priest and scientist but besides Spallanzani who preceded Mendel by less than a hundred years, many others might be mentioned. There is, for instance, Linacre who, after having been royal physician to King Henry VIII, was the founder of the Royal College of Physicians in England that regulated quackery. He introduced the practice of dissection into England but gave up his medical affiliations to become a priest toward the end of his life. Among his contemporaries was Copernicus, the canon of a cathedral, probably a priest, surely in orders; Bishop Stensen, the Dane, the father of geology as proclaimed by the international council of geologists when they unveiled a tablet to him forty years ago. Then there was Father Clavius, S.J., who corrected the calendar; Father Kircher, S.J., the first to see microbes; Father Diwisch, the Premonstratensian, who shared with Franklin the honor of demonstrating that lightning and electricity are identical; Canon Kleist of Kammin in Pomerania, inventor of the Leyden jar; Father Gordon, a Benedictine of Nuremburg, inventor of the frictional electrical machine, and Abbé Beccariax, who was made a member of the English Royal Society before he was thirty and whose works were published by that Society.

In this bicentenary memorialization, Father Spallanzani may well serve as a reminder of literally hundreds of priest colleagues who devoted themselves to the development of physical and biological science. Very few had anything like Spallanzani's success, but genius is rare and even great talent does not occur often enough to give us many successful pioneers in science. His sister was his most faithful and most reliable assistant, and many of his most successful experiments and observations are said to have been due to her patience and her technical skill in the laboratory. This is not surprising when we recall that Spallanzani's own strongest incentive to original scientific research is said to have come from intimate contact with that distinguished woman professor of natural history at the University of Bologna, his cousin, Laura Bassi. That eighteenth century holds many surprising things besides distinguished priest-scientists, and not the least of them was the opportunity for women in Italy to secure education of the highest order, even in science.

Alone, Immune

She was not bound by mortal sight,
The stars were hers at noon.
Against the malady of night
She stood alone, immune.
The darkened fields of heaven
She ranged, and found the seven—
Found and folded, one by one,
Seven colors lost with the sun.

MELVILLE CANE.

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MR. VEDDER

By PAUL BUSSARD

THE sun was setting in a most outrageous manner as Pierrot and Columbine in company with a third person walked toward the town. The sun had so irritated the clouds of the sky with his brilliance that they had come together in sympathy and hidden themselves under a riotous mantle of red. As the three walked toward the west this annoying brilliance of the sun spent itself, and after a brief intolerable interval, vanished behind a little hill. Immediately the clouds floated about with their customary nonchalance, presenting themselves in a closer approximation to decency in coloring. It was when the smaller clouds were showing their native good taste by an exhibition of delicate yellow with a faint fresh green that Pierrot interrupted Columbine's ceaseless chatter about the length of her dress with a slight reflection of the sky's late annoyance: "But my dear, the dress will do. And if it really isn't short enough, you can conceal its Victorian length by walking on tiptoe."

And while Columbine pondered in silence this strange advice and, it must be confessed, actually did walk on tiptoe for a few steps, Pierrot addressed the third person: "You had finally come to the point in our absorbing discussion, Mr. Vedder, where you had summarized your argument by the statement that business is business."

The person addressed as Mr. Vedder was a man of portly build. His body was made on a grand scale. His legs were huge and solid, so were his arms. It seemed as if the architect who made him had endeavored to attain symmetry by constructing his entire body in accordance with the lines indicated by his stomach. It was a noble attempt and one could not but sympathize with the idea of the artist, but the final effect had not come off in a completely satisfactory manner.

"I have always been intrigued with the phrases which read the same backward and forward," continued Pierrot.

"Your interchange of nouns may be a pleasant diversion," said Mr. Vedder in a suprising tenor, "but it is nothing else. And it certainly has nothing to do with the vindication of my mode of life. I persist in saying that every man is for himself; and that in the race anyone may be first."

"There is always room at the top, I imagine," said Pierrot as he pensively scratched the tip of his nose with the nail of his little finger.

"Of course, and whether you think it right or not, that's the way the world is run. A man cannot burden himself with anyone else's responsibility if he expects success. A man gets to the top only on the condition that he throw off all entangling duties and keep his eyes fixed on only one object—the topmost rung. Business is business: a man fights for and by himself."

The surprising thing about Mr. Vedder was not his gigantic proportions nor his impressive Rodinesque head. The surprising thing about Mr. Vedder was his dress. He was walking with these two inevitable romanticists in his shirt sleeves. His vest was unbuttoned and his collar and tie were unfastened. In one hand he held a newspaper between his index and second finger, in the other a pair of spectacles with which he gesticulated as he talked. He had his shoes unlaced and the strings swished about distressingly. For the real and only reason of both his presence and the appearance in company with the elusive two was that he had joined them unconsciously while he was doing research work in his study after a heavy dinner.

"I readily perceive," said Pierrot, "that you are a Cainite. And by that I do not mean to imply that you come from that land spoken of in the Bible, but that you follow the only system of philosophy that was ever expressed by its founder in a single sentence, containing neither clause nor phrase nor adjective for modification; and which moreover is not even a sentence but a question. I recommend his unique brevity to every philosopher who may be, but I counsel everyone else to beware his depravity. His, my friend, is a stench."

"But what have the Greeks to do with our age? They were fine people, I am told, but everyone says they are entirely too impractical to fit in with modern progress."

"Mr. Vedder, I assure you their cities have become ruins, and the pillars of their palaces have no elevation whatsoever compared to our towering smoke stacks. But, if you recall, I was speaking of the man who declared for personal independence of his fellows. It is said that in punishment of the actional expression of his theory he has cursed, and in latter times that he wandered at random over the long-suffering face of the earth in search of something."

"Curses are hopelessly old-fashioned," muttered the man.

"And furtherover I feel like saying that the fine-word summary of his philosophy was in reality tautological. He could have avoided two words and a question mark by simply saying 'I am I,' thereby using a reversible sentence just as you did."

Mr. Vedder yawned, tapped the open space between his teeth with a lens of his spectacles. "History has no interest for me. And besides I cannot see the connection between your observations and my phrase about business."

Said Pierrot: "Perhaps I have not made myself sufficiently lucid. I meant to intimate that when you said 'business is business,' as if it were an end in itself like Almighty God, you placed yourself in the same mental position as the man with the mark on his head."

"I suppose you mean Goliath."

Pierrot gestured slightly with his left hand. "That man of whom I speak proclaimed his personal primacy and in consequence went searching, a lifetime long, for that which he had lost in proclaiming it. You assert your independence of everything but yourself, you hold your occupation unrelated to all men, all things and the end of life. And the manner you travel Europe indicates a feverish desire to find the unknown thing you have lost."

Pierrot gestured slightly with his right hand. "I do beseech you with most petitionary vehemence to rub your forehead and look about you. See the end of all and the beginning. Recognize this mystery in which you are privileged to participate and acquiesce. I assure you, although you will certainly not believe me, that the weight of the entire world of men is less a burden to a man's shoulders than the slender presence of his own independent and unrelated ego, provided that he does not carry the burden simply for the sake of the burden."

During Pierrot's quaint speechifying the figure of Mr. Vedder had become strangely vague. As the cat in the story faded and waned till there was nothing left of her but the smile, so the tremendous bulk of Mr. Vedder had wavered and waned till there was nothing left but his yawn. The lights of the town began to blink in the gathering dusk. Pierrot's mouth was dry. He was alone on the road with Columbine.

Said Columbine: "Pierrot, I know you would like to see me in a new dress for Mardi Gras. A lovely spangled dress for Mardi Gras!"

"Yes, yes of course, for Mardi Gras a spangled dress. At Epiphany it will serve to patch a chink in the wall."

Columbine laughingly sang a silver thread of melody. "But for Mardi Gras there must be a spangled dress."

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Ruth Draper—Dramatist

THE incomparable Ruth Draper's New York season has begun. As an objective phenomenon alone it has points of unique interest. Here is a talented young lady who, without the aid of scenery, make-up or more than a hint of special costume, without orchestra or fellow-artists, gives a complete and well-rounded evening's entertainment lasting the length of an ordinary play. She does it, not once (as a violinist might give one annual recital) but evening after evening, establishing a run nearly as long as that of a successful comedy.

The character of Miss Draper's achievement is merely heightened by the knowledge that her entertainment is, in every last detail, a "one-man show." Her character sketches, or monologues, are entirely of her own creation, in writing as well as in rendition, the product of her creative faculty applied with the aid of marvelously acute powers of observation. It is as if Fritz Kreisler were to give recitals every evening for ten or twelve weeks, playing only his own compositions. The fact that no musician has ever attempted such a feat is enough indication either of its essential difficulty or else of a profound lack of showmanship in musical matters. From either viewpoint, the credit to Miss Draper is all the more imposing.

When we come to the precise nature of Miss Draper's entertainment, the objective facts are still amazing. The words "character sketches" by no means describe it. In some cases, the character most intimately sketched never appears—for it is part of Miss Draper's genius, as critics have remarked for years, that she makes you feel the presence of people she is talking to quite as vividly as the character she herself is impersonating. She "peoples the empty stage," sometimes with one or two other characters, sometimes with a dozen. She evokes life and character from the empty air. By a mere facial movement, she makes you see the person she herself sees. You gather the repugnance, the astonishment, the love or the devotion which only one kind of person could produce. But you gather still more (and this is the point upon which I would insist) from the drama with which she clothes her characters. Splendid as she is in her acting and interpretation of character, magical as the transformations she effects without make-up, it is as a dramatist that Miss Draper finds the key to her power over audiences. Each of her sketches is a miniature drama, closely knit, pulsating with suspense, fraught with "situation"—whether it be convulsing comedy or heartrending tragedy.

Miss Draper's talent happens to be an inherited one. Her mother was similarly gifted. Although she never put her powers to professional use, those who knew her tell of her ability to hold a roomful of people spellbound. Ruth Draper thus literally grew into her medium. But in the perfection of her powers as a dramatist, we must, I believe, discover that part of Ruth Draper's genius which is peculiarly her own.

You will find in her dramatic gift a curious cross between the talents of George Kelly and Eugene O'Neill, softened by a humanity and a tenderness which neither playwright possesses. Miss Draper has Kelly's uncanny power of observation, both as to details of gesture and speech and as to broad governing motives. She also has his acute sense of comedy situation and of the humor of incongruous remarks. Her mental kinship to O'Neill shows forth occasionally in a deep feeling for environment, for sultry and passionate devotion and for irony. But there is none of O'Neill's spiritual tangle evident in Miss Draper's sketches, just as there is none of Kelly's harsh resentment of many of the characters he lacerates. It is quite plain that Miss Draper views her work from the vantage point of rich understanding—that kind of understanding which finds pathos behind crudity, or aspiration behind sordidness.

Miss Draper's program for this year—made up of both new and familiar sketches—is, in its essence, a program of drama. It begins with the opening of a bazaar in an English village by a lady of rank—"not a caricature," as Miss Draper explains. For a brief period you might suspect the accuracy of this statement, when you see the outrageous Queen Mary hat, the feather boa that constantly slips off, the lorgnettes that refuse to sit properly on the bridge of the nose, and when you hear the opening speech read from painful notes. But the true portraiture and the drama emerge presently, as this lady of a faded era greets the hundred and one characters of the countryside, buys perfectly useless knickknacks at every booth, finds a word of sympathy and understanding for each of her tenants, and at last greets the coachman of the family who helped her pick cherries as a little girl. Cherries have never been so red and beautiful since that day—the hinted drama of escaped youth and dull middle age, freighted, none the less, with an inner flame of kindliness and wistful yearning.

Then, abruptly, and with nothing but a shawl to create the transformation, Miss Draper takes you to a porch in a Maine coast village. Who is this prematurely aged woman who creeps from a gloomy house where she spends her days rubbing the back of a rheumatic husband? She escapes to her own porch for a bit of sunshine after days of storm. A friend comes to gossip with her—and suddenly the whole village with its crossed currents of life is laid before you. The narrow village which is yet a miniature of the world, with its ghastly legends and haunted houses, its hopes and fears. And this one woman, above all, can yet live and smile in the pride of a son who has earned the confidence of a rich family from the city. Real beauty shines in her weazened face as she talks of this son—but her brief pleasure is cut short as her house-bound husband calls her back—to begin again the eternal rubbing. "It don't do him any good—but he likes it." She does not complain. Existence has its narrow limits and she has learned to live within them, if not happily, at least with resignation. The drama of frustration, bravely accepted. No off-stage character in the greatest of plays is more keenly felt and seen than the cramped old man behind those invisible cottage walls—calling, calling.

The middle section of the program is, in effect, a short three-act play, in which the character of a successful man of affairs is shown to you through the particular attitude of three women—his private secretary, his wife and the woman to whom he turns for "understanding." It is called Three Women and Mr. Clifford. You see him in his office—the master of a number of important business mergers, a man about whom legends have gathered. And you see the source of the legends in his efficient secretary. She does everything for him: arranges for his charity contributions, tells him whom he should interview, does a hundred small kindnesses for people for which he gets the credit, remembers his wife's birthday for him, buys flowers

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and presents for her, makes purchases of all sorts for the entire family, from toys to steamer tickets, handles the bootlegger, the head waiters, the theatre ticket agencies, the dentist, the masseur—even manages the diplomatic situation brought about by Mr. Clifford's devotion to Mrs. Mallory. If Mr. Clifford is a success in business, can it be due to anything else than the complete lifting of every petty detail from his mind? Well—you even get a hint that this secretary makes business decisions.

Then there is Mr. Clifford with his wife, returning in the motor from the theatre. Mrs. Clifford is one of the bored rich. But even so, you are permitted to see her view-point—puzzled by the children, annoyed by the cares of a large household, utterly selfish in her preoccupation with her own interests and the "shop" which she runs as a fad—and yet, the product of certain forces and conditions not wholly within her control. She yawns, she flits from one trifle to another, from one ambition to many others, she accuses Mr. Clifford of never being able to speak her language. It is all quite tragic by implication—and you see Clifford sitting patiently through it all, and know the rebellious workings of his mind underneath.

You are prepared, then, for his visit to Mrs. Mallory—a woman of no talents save one, the power to flatter and to soothe with sincerity and devotion. Some authors would attempt to make this a sophisticated tale. Not so Miss Draper. Three Women and Mr. Clifford is a little morality—a preachment to wives who, by utter lack of comprehension, let a man find his greatest supports outside of the home. The theme is old and threadbare, if you will, but it is in the wealth of small detail and well-chosen irony that Miss Draper succeeds in making it fresh and illuminating, without rancor and with fairness to all. It comes very close to being one of the truest statements on the stage of the tragedy of many lives—of selfish lives at least, with the man a weakling.

The following comedy sketch, called Doctors, is of a more familiar type—a woman taking three other women to lunch, and finding that all of them, like herself, are on faddist diets. This leads, of course, to a general discussion of doctors—the sublimated hypochondria of today and yesterday which makes fortunes for the quacks. There is probably less drama in this sketch than in all the others. Its humor is of the obvious variety, but handled with skill and again with that immense resource of observation which makes every point tell.

The last number is a drama in the O'Neill style—A Miner's Wife. It is the wife who drives out her drunken husband in the early morning—tired unto death of the struggle against poverty and cold and brutal thoughtlessness. Then the accident in the mines. The hours of waiting at the pithead. The finding of her husband's body. The cry of despair and remorse—born of a burning and undying love which a moment of just passion had clouded. If you would have the full secret of Ruth Draper's hold on an audience, look at her work as drama. All else is subservient. (At the Comedy Theatre.)

What the Mountain Sheep Thought

The moon's a golden eagle's egg,
And soon as it shall hatch
The mother eagle will swoop down
My little lamb to catch.

But though I'm timid, I can climb,
And ere that eaglet's born
I'll clamber up the cliffs of night
And pierce it with my horn.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

COMMUNICATIONS

MINORITIES IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Once again the Czech leaders within the republic of Czecho-Slovakia have made apparent their attitude with regard to the social and political conditions of the minority races of the republic, and this time that folly has been demonstrated by no less a person than Dr. Edward Benes, Foreign Minister at Prague. In a recent interview with a New York Times correspondent, Dr. Benes revealed himself—not in a somewhat unfamiliar aspect, as the Times editorial put it while commenting upon the interview, but in the most familiar one, which certainly comes as no surprise to the Slovak people here or abroad. After adducing his testimony to the newspaper correspondent who had touched upon the question of lost territories of Hungary—the territories, of course that have always belonged to Slovakia—Dr. Benes continued: "Besides, with the restoration of 650,000 nationals to Hungary, I would have to transfer 100,000 Slovaks who inhabit the same territory. Under us . . . these people have their own newspapers and schools."

That is precisely where the rub comes for the Slovaks of the republic. In the first place, by the time the Czech officials are through censoring Slovak newspapers within the republic, there is little of value worth the readers' attention left in those papers. Secondly, the insertion of the phrase "under us" is Benes's way of intimating that the Slovaks are under the absolute control of the Czech leaders within the republic.

As one who is well acquainted with the history that has brought about the present form of government within the Czecho-Slovak republic, and who has since come to learn of the limitations of such management as is attributed to governments so conducted, I feel it safe to protest against the superficiality and artfully concealed sensationalism which, time after time, one can hear emanating from such patriots as Dr. Benes. They seem ever ready to save the nation over which they have but a limited right of control. Such statements are but stagy things, mere cardboard sets which always require the cartoon as well as the table of "statistics." The Slovak people throughout the world recognize this, and many other facts as immediately involved. There is no ill feeling among the Slovaks for the Czech people as such, but very few of the Czech leaders have demonstrated themselves as being the sort of men whom the Slovak people of the republic are anxious to have in power in the present state of government. They and many like them have a certain power, however, and they have been able to make its pressure felt for the last ten years, owing to under-cover dealings and various other political maneuvers of a fantastic character.

After years of schooling it is rather surprising that some straightforward sort of government has not been provided without the under-cover activities that seem to prevail throughout the republic. It may be remembered that Hungary refused to allow the Slovaks to live within their own country on equal terms with the Hungarians, and so in the end dualism has come to be the grave for that once great and ancient monarchy. The Slovak people seek neither privileges nor preferred status in Czecho-Slovakia, but only the common justice and the freedom recognized and accorded to people in all civilized nations.

The Slovak leaders have been handicapped by the unstable system of the republic which has shifted them about before they have been able to get their bearings, owing to the long and

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continued haunting by the Hungarians before the world war. This was the case of Monsignor Hlinka, and now is the case of Professor Vojetch Tuka, who is undergoing a sentence of fifteen years in the Czech prison for an alleged attempt of treason while working for Slovak autonomy.

The attitude of the Slovaks toward the government officials of Czecho-Slovakia has not changed in ten years, and is not likely to change until their fundamental and inalienable rights within the Czecho-Slovak nation are respected by the Czechs. These latter have failed to uphold the spirit of the "Pittsburgh Agreement," after having so fervently assisted in underwriting it during the establishment of the republic. How utterly inconceivable any rapprochement between the Slovaks and the Czechs must be, is therefore plain. With this sort of thing going on, the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia may yet be the scene of a melodrama with a most unhappy ending.

STEPHEN J. PALICKAR.

MONTE CASSINO

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal for June 12, 1929, Count Giordani made the following positive statements: "Saint Placid, son of the Senator Tertullus, was sent to Messina"; "Saint Maurus, the beloved disciple of the founder, introduced monasticism into France . . ."; "From his monastery on the Caelian he [Saint Gregory] sent Augustine, who, with forty companions, set foot on English soil in 596, 'and from this time Saint Benedict seems to have taken possession of England as his own.' "

I have taken care not to deny the historical authenticity of any of the foregoing statements. We lack sufficient evidence to justify going so far as positive denial. Nevertheless I suspend historical judgment and do question the fact that Saint Maur founded Benedictinism in France, that Saint Placid carried the Benedictine rule to Sicily, or that Saint Augustine of Canterbury lived according to the rule of Saint Benedict in Saint Andrew's monastery, Rome, before being sent to England by Saint Gregory.

Count Giordani and Mr. Harman have contributed heat to the discussion; they have named dozens of historical writers on the subject; they have failed so far to communicate anything in the way of first-hand historical sources other than the reiteration of traditions that I have never even so much as questioned qua traditions. If Count Giordani will lay aside his historians' interpretations for a time and produce their primary, documentary or archaeological evidence that will corroborate his statements quoted in the beginning of this letter, I shall gladly accept such objective proof and forever after hold my peace. The burden of scientific verification of these three statements rests squarely on the affirmative, Count Giordani.

D. BEDE GRAY, Obl., O.S.B.

Coral Gables, Fla.

TO the Editor:—In view of the recent interesting correspondence re Saint Augustine's "conversion" of England, may one inquire if it is not understood by reliable historians that he was sent to Britain to settle quarrels among the monks, relating especially to the date of the celebration of Easter, the tonsure and minor dissatisfactions among them? He was "not to disturb the regulations of the great monastery at Glastonbury, first foundation in England." The great Gregory obviously sent his missionary to a land which had already been converted to Christianity.

As one who spent four years in Provence, Spain, Germany and England, humbly endeavoring to disentangle legend and tradition from the facts of history, privileged often to secure precious manuscripts, there was never a doubt in my mind about the first introduction of the Faith into Britain in the first centuries A. D. Even discounting the Arimathean theory of the worthy Joseph's bringing the Cup of Sang-Real (the Holy Grail) to Avalon (or Glastonbury) there seems ample proof of that early preaching the Gospel of Our Lord, which resulted in the founding of the greatest of all the early abbeys, whose wealth was first to have been captured by the vandal Henry VIII.

There seems much confusion in non-Catholic minds about the Saint Augustine who came to Canterbury in the sixth century. Many have contended with me (absurd to state) that this emissary of Gregory was the only Saint Augustine, totally ignoring the existence of the great Father of the Church, son of the sainted Monica.

ISABEL GARRISON.

CANADA DRY

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—Before the official returns on the recent liquor plebiscite held in Nova Scotia, it was held, as stated by Mr. Boddington in his article in a recent issue of The Commonweal, that those voting on question one, viz., "Are you in favor of continuing the Nova Scotia Temperance Act?" voted in favor of retaining the legislation.

Official tabulation of the figures does not even supply that crumb of comfort to the drys. The figures as issued from Halifax are: Question number one, as above: affirmative 64,671, negative 77,341. Question number two, viz., "Are you in favor of the sale of alcoholic liquor under a government control act?" Affirmative 87,651, negative 53,082.

It seems, therefore, that the drys were utterly routed.

It is the mere opinion of the writer that Prince Edward Island will follow suit within a year.

ANTHONY TRABOULSEE.

PROGRESSIVE SCHOLASTICISM ONCE MORE

Colorado Springs, Colo.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal for December 18, Father McCormick, S.J., answers Dr. Bruni's criticism of his review of Progressive Scholasticism. This answer in no way invalidates Dr. Bruni's criticism of Father McCormick's attitude toward the Thomistic system of philosophy, as revealed in an assertion made in that review. In his answer Father McCormick takes refuge in the fact that, whereas he had stated that the Thomistic system is "closely interwoven with the expression of the formularies of the [Catholic] faith," Dr. Bruni makes him say: " . . . closely interwoven with the Catholic faith." But it is quite evident from the entire context of Dr. Bruni's reply as well as from his previous accurate quotation of the whole passage (of Father McCormick's review) under discussion, that he here uses the term faith in its objective sense, that is, to signify the truths expressed by the formularies of the Faith. Hence the second phrasing is equivalent to the first, and Father McCormick has not been misquoted. He himself uses the term "faith" in that sense when he states that the Thomistic system of philosophy "seems to have acquired something like the indefectibility that belongs to the Faith itself" (that is, to the truths presented for our belief by the formularies of the faith) because, in his opinion, that system

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is "so closely interwoven with the expression of the formularies of that faith."

It is to this statement that exception is taken. For the formularies expressing the truths of faith do not commit themselves to any system of philosophy. To illustrate: there are at least three metaphysical theories of subsistence, the Thomistic, the Scotistic and the Suarezian. The formularies expressing the fundamental truths of the Incarnation do not bind themselves to the systematic value which that term acquires from its relations to other parts of a given system. In virtue of her infallibility, the Church herself is the judge of the analogical value of the concepts expressed by this and other terms used in her formulations of revealed truth.

The unbiased reader will find nothing "indignant and hasty" in Dr. Bruni's communication in The Commonweal of December 4. On the contrary, it will impress him as an earnest, calm, well-pondered presentation of the principles involved.

JOHN S. ZYBURA.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Frank Simonds, in his syndicated letter published December 8, forecasts the probable failure of the London Naval Arms Conference. This will surprise only those Americans (far too numerous, however) who have yet to learn that the label on a bottle is no guarantee of the contents. The label may read Peace while the contents taste bitterly of Dominance.

What is in this bottle? Remembered as a sinister threat of war a dozen years before Sarajevo, "two keels for one" makes a reappearance in London marked "Not to be opened till January." If there be any frankness left, will not some American undertake to explain exactly why we should rate Japan two and France one?

Sanctions? Certainly. Laws without teeth are futile things. While disorder exists in the world, the sword may become necessary to restore tranquillity. "I'll have peace if I have to fight for it" used to be quoted as an Irish bull; it is, however, a somewhat free translation of the Massachusetts coat-of-arms —"Ense petit placidam"—and its availability remains the ultimate sanction of the League of Nations as well as of naval arms conferences. And yet—

And yet—granting that international law must have them, why must we think of sanctions only in terms of ships and guns? Suppose we were to invent another Irish bull and say "The imponderables weigh most," and under that cheerful slogan go forth to seek a sanction which will hold the heavyweight fighters in check as effectively as the lightweights. That *would* be worth while: in fact nothing less *is* worth while; and who shall say that it is an impossibility?

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

REFLECTIONS UPON ART

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The discussion of modern versus ancient art evidently is of general interest. May I add a few words of comment?

The Church has always been interested in the new in art, Mr. Gerrity to the contrary notwithstanding. The ancient Greeks repeated accepted forms but the Romans always built in some original way. So did mediaeval Catholic builders. Rheims and Chartres furnished inspiration but they were not exactly copied by contemporary builders. The motif given by the master craftsman was developed by the artist in his own original way and there were no repetitions.

In the last 400 years all art has been repetition. There has been no originality and no desire for it. Mr. Cram deserves great credit for having stirred up discontent with our lack of art. Our difficulty comes from our interest in a multiplicity of styles. If this country had been settled only by the French, for example, we would all agree on using French architecture as a starting-point from which to develop. But with a dozen different styles there is confusion. In China the matter is simpler. The apostolic delegate called in a Benedictine artist to develop a Chinese Catholic style of architecture, and judging by pictures in missionary magazines, he has succeeded remarkably well.

Here the problem is more complicated, but progress is being made. We are getting away from the ornate pretensions of a few years ago and building solidly and majestically. A certain style of high-naved massive church may be recognized as an American Catholic style. And even the modernists have taught us something—the use of color. Twenty years ago we painted the interior of churches in three gloomy shades of green. Ten years ago we built cold interiors of unornamented brick and stone. But now we see color and ornament everywhere. So there is a field in church decoration for the modernists, if they stay within the bounds of reason. We cannot allow grotesques as altar-pieces. They belong in the theatre—not in the church.

FRANK BRANNACH.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM

Madrid.

TO the Editor:—The Schola Cantorum was created in Bilbao in 1926 to coöperate actively in the restoration of liturgical music. It revived the forgotten masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (Palestrino, Victoria, etc.) and presented modern work.

It sings both in churches and in concerts. The ensemble is composed of two choirs: ninety men, sixty to seventy boys. These two groups are trained separately. The men are of every walk of life—professionals are excluded. The children's school has two parts of free training—the first college, the second singing. A selection of children from this school passes into the choir.

In the three years of its existence the choir has taken part in forty solemn religious ceremonies and twelve concerts. There were 400 voices at the inauguration of the monument to the Sacred Heart in Bilbao. The choir traveled to Lourdes and in the recent First Congress of Catholic Action sang at all the solemn sessions in Madrid.

It is undoubtedly a very excellent choir—well-disciplined, and the training of the children should present great technical interest. They are aided by the fact that the Basque people are more than generously endowed with musical ability. They are also deeply religious and very intelligent. It is suggested that correspondence between the Schola and an American group would not only be an act of courtesy but might have a practical interest. I earnestly hope that programs will be exchanged and that the technical directors of Spanish and American groups make contact to their mutual benefit.

Letters in English may be addressed to:

Don Trinidad Garcia,
Elcano 40. 1e,
Bilbao, Spain.

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING.

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BOOKS

The Marshal of the Marne

Foch: A Biography, by George C. Aston. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

WHILE this is the biography of the leading military character of modern times, and while enough of the military operations of the world war are given and discussed to make quite clear, even to the man in the street, the military genius of the Marshal, the real value of the book is the remarkable way in which the author, Major-General Sir George C. Aston, brings out the development of character and the various elements that contributed to making Marshal Foch the wonderful man he was. These are the same elements that are necessary to ensure success in any sphere of life—they are fundamental and eternal.

In Foch, the boy was father to the man; the character of his sturdy forbears, and particularly his parents, the watchful care of the latter and the natural disposition of young Foch, were the elements that ensured his adherence to sound moral and religious principles all through his career. As an aid to character-building in every sphere of life, I recommend the study of this biography of the great Marshal. He had a very clear grasp of the fundamentals of his faith. As he says: "My religious faith has been part of my character, and hence of my conduct as a man and as a soldier." And in this biography the author has brought out and emphasized in a number of instances how these principles were the cause of his success, how he was sustained by them in some of his most desperately trying times.

Foch, from his youth, had a fixed object in life, and never forgot the object. He began to prepare for it early in life, and never neglected anything that would aid him in attaining it. He possessed a supreme trust in God, a firm belief in the justice of his cause, and a sublime confidence in ultimate success. It was this trust and confidence that impressed and influenced everyone who came in contact with him. It never wavered, even in the darkest hours. It was due to these phases of his character and his complete mastery of the art of war that he was able to persuade his commanders and those of the Allies to yield to his guidance—for although directing the Allied forces, he never had that absolute authority that is so necessary in large command. Fortunately in this war the danger was so great that there was a mutual feeling of interest binding the European Allies more strongly together than in any previous wars. There can be no question but that it was the Marshal's personal strength, persistence and evident mastery of the art of war that brought about ultimate victory.

There is quite enough said of the military operations of the war to give the casual reader a very satisfactory account. Of course, to the American reader the book is a little disappointing in its scant reference to the part we played in the ultimate conclusion. However, the book is so remarkable in bringing out the splendid qualities of the great Marshal and in emphasizing the fundamental principles of religion and moral strength necessary to everyone struggling for real success in life, that we can easily pardon the author for giving us so little attention. It is quite evident that he wished to be just to all.

One point that is clearly evident and should not be neglected is the real greatness of Marshal Haig. In the most trying times, it was largely due to Haig's loyalty and support of Foch that he was able to carry through his plans to success. The amazing feature of the book is the splendid way in which the author brings out the great moral strength of Foch, and the fact that these same great principles are necessary for everyone who desires to attain success in life—whether as a great commander, or in the professional or business life.

W. S. BENSON.

Van Buren and Slavery

An Epoch and a Man: Van Buren and His Times, by Denis Tilden Lynch. New York: Horace Liveright. $5.00.

HISTORY has its favorites, or rather historians have, and Martin Van Buren has not been one of them. His enemies malevolently dubbed him "the Red Fox," and ever since, this biting phrase has colored the public's estimate of the man, to the injury of historical truth. The Federalist historians made great figures out of John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Nicholas Biddle of the bank. They have depicted Old Hickory as an uncouth swashbuckler, and Martin Van Buren as an unstable and somewhat unprincipled opportunist.

But Denis Tilden Lynch has written a book which ought to go far toward changing the public estimate of Martin Van Buren. He displays this unusual man as a politician—but not a poltroon; and more than that, he shows Van Buren's growth in character. He has written what should be an enduring book, for he has understandingly and convincingly painted the picture of a maligned man. In Boss Tweed, Mr. Lynch showed an insight into complex political situations, and a gift of flashing phrase. His Martin Van Buren joins careful historical research to a fascinating literary style. It is not a debunking or a psychoanalytical book, but straightaway biography, showing the effect of the times on the man, and of the man on his times.

Probably the most interesting phase of the volume is its presentation of Van Buren as a man of character and courage, in 1844. By that time, the slavery issue had cast its shadows on the nation. Calhoun and the southern slave-holding group —"the serviocracy," Lynch terms them—had made up its mind that Texas must be annexed, so that the slave states would overbalance the free states in the Senate. They were willing to precipitate war with Mexico to carry out their designs.

Early in the year, the question was addressed to Van Buren as to whether he favored the annexation of Texas. It was a question which he could have answered with a pleasant evasion, had he really been the supple sycophantic politician history credits him with being. But this was not the measure of the man. He was not willing to approve the spoliation of a smaller nation. He answered frankly and at length, and his reply takes rank among the public documents of courage of the country. The immediate annexation of Texas would, he pointed out, almost surely involve a war with Mexico. And in such a war, "could we hope to stand justified in the eyes of mankind for entering into it?"

As a result Van Buren incurred the immediate enmity of the southern slave-holders, and in the Democratic national convention at Baltimore, they grouped together to prevent his nomination. To accomplish their purpose they made use of the very same parliamentary instrument which Van Buren's friends had fashioned in 1832 to demonstrate how much the country wanted him as Old Hickory's running mate. By the two-thirds rule they cheated Van Buren of his nomination, and

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insured a war between the United States and Mexico. They paved the path for the growing hatred between the sections, a feeling which seventeen years later flared up in secession and the Civil War.

A few days after Andrew Jackson learned that the Baltimore convention had rejected the man he considered the greatest President the nation had had, including himself, since Thomas Jefferson, he wrote: "I cannot hope to be alive to witness the acclamation with which the people of the United States will call Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency at the end of Mr. Polk's term; but you will, and I know you will rejoice at it as a consummation of an act of justice due alike to him and the honor and fame of the country."

But it was not fated to be. In 1848 Martin Van Buren once more gave the lie to those who had said that he was a time-serving politician by running for President as the candidate of the Free Soil party. He knew that it was a hopeless fight, but it was for a principle in which he deeply believed. This battle spelled the doom of the old Whig party, which straddled too long. It demonstrated to the people that the slavery issue would have to be faced frankly and with courage.

Mr. Lynch's book deserves attentive reading. Martin Van Buren is at least getting a better deal.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

Irish Revolution

The Sword in the Soul, by Roger Chauviré; translated by Ernest Boyd. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THIS is in the best sense of the word a Catholic novel. It is not a work of propaganda either for Ireland or for the Church; its message is implicit, and moving as the story is, it gains its power from a just and exquisitely sympathetic statement of the facts. The story is simple: the growth in the soul of a young Anglo-Irishman of love for Ireland, and his sacrifice for it of his friends, his future and the woman he loves. The last page finds Sir Francis Hackville stripped of earthly happiness, but for the first time in his life stammering the Hail Mary. Up to this moment Hackville had been a Protestant, and his love for Ireland had begun through the execution of two of his friends who had taken part in the Dublin rebellion. He, too, is now in prison, and is hopeless and despairing. But up to this moment the real meaning of his sacrifice had escaped him. To quote the final words:

"His distress was so acute that instinctively he put his hand under his shirt and touched his hungry heart, which was beating and yearning in vain. Against his flesh his fingers touched a woolen object, the present Minnie had given him long ago, when he was going to the front, and he gazed at the naive picture of the Virgin and Child as represented on that little square of linen."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God. . . . Oh, Mother, oh, Woman. It is you that they have exiled from their cold prayers! You have answered the call of an unhappy child. You are the Poor Old Woman of heaven, also going about gleaning souls, who understand what we cannot explain, for we cannot comprehend all the infirmity, madness and desperate tenderness of our sad and miserable hearts, who quench our thirst for love, who wipe away the tears we are afraid to confess. Hail Mary, full of grace! Take in your gentle hands this aching heart which loves and wants you, and which is softly rocked and comforted by your maternity! Blessed art Thou amongst all women!"

"As he had so often heard old Minnie doing, Frank began, in a voice trembling with tears, to stammer the ancient salutation. In the plenitude of the happiness which inundated him he felt that he was completely himself. Now, he and Ireland were one."

The Sword in the Soul is the work of a Frenchman so saturated with the spirit of Ireland that in its broader phases it might well have been written by an Irishman born and bred. Only when he is dealing with the talk of the Irish peasantry does M. Chauviré show that after all he is a foreigner. And he has a virtue which a native Irishman might very well have lacked—he is fair. England and Englishmen have oppressed Ireland, not through wickedness, but through an honest basic difference of temperament and outlook. The French novelist leaves no doubt as to where his sympathies lie, but his English characters are at heart as fine as his Irish ones, and the British position is put with accuracy and even sympathy. Above all, it is a book which every Catholic should read: one of those few novels where the Faith is never deliberately preached, but where it is woven as with golden thread into a pattern which, as the story progresses, becomes more and more radiantly evident.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Early Christian Worship

The Evidence of the Catacombs, by Orazio Marucchi. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ALMOST all visitors to Rome, no matter how brief their stay, make the journey out beyond the Porta San Sebastiano and along the Appian Way to visit the catacombs of Saint Calixtus and Saint Sebastian. The subterranean regions beneath Saint Agnes's ancient church on the Via Nomentana are visited less often and many of the catacombs of Rome are not open to the public or—like Saint Valentine's, which may be seen only on the Saint's feast day—are open only on some special occasion. Few of those who every year go to the catacombs on the Appian Way realize what there is there to be learned. Few have the opportunity or the knowledge to study and comprehend the meaning to be read in the various inscriptions, paintings and carved symbols that adorn these underground passages. This meaning the author of The Evidence of the Catacombs undertakes to make clear.

The belief in the Holy Eucharist, the communion of saints, the cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the saints, the supremacy of the Roman See founded by Saint Peter, and other doctrines of the Church are supported by the abundant indications Marucchi finds in the Roman catacombs. The pictures and inscriptions found there were, as Marucchi points out, never intended to be a systematic or adequate portrayal of Christian doctrine, and must therefore be interpreted in the light of Christian tradition and early Christian literature.

This small volume written by the foremost living Christian archaeologist is intended for the general reader. For the student and the scholar Professor Marucchi has written many works in Italian and French in the course of his half-century and more of researches in the field of Christian archaeology at Rome. Beginning in 1870 as a disciple of the great John Baptist de Rossi, whom he justly calls "the prince of Christian archaeologists," Marucchi has practically lived in the Roman catacombs for the past fifty years. The present volume is one of the fruits of those years of intimate study of monuments of the primitive days of the Church in Rome.

CHARLES ROGER MILLER.

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Anglo-India

Night Falls on Siva's Hill, by Edward Thompson. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

FICTION has come a long way in its manner of regarding and interpreting Anglo-India since Plain Tales from the Hills spread its Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady philosophy among delighted English and American readers; yet whether treated profoundly, as by Mr. Forster in A Passage to India, or externally as by Edward Thompson in Night Falls on Siva's Hill, the subject has a very definite and still glamorous appeal. Things happening against the mystery of an Indian background take on a quality of romance which the same happenings against the hills of Surrey or the corn fields of Iowa would not have. There is some magic to India, in fiction and drama at any rate, not a little mixed with the fascination of strange and secret powers, which gives to stories of that country overtones and undertones of things unseen, unknown but unavoidably and disturbingly guessed at.

The opening chapter of Night Falls on Siva's Hill gives a brief account of the Miami Light Horse stationed in Gangapahar in 1876. It has the Kipling flavor. But after permitting his hero to make a disastrous marriage, as far as his military career is concerned, Mr. Thompson skips a quarter-century and takes up his story again in 1900, when it becomes in reality threefold.

There is first the story of John Carmichael Lyon, growing old and bitter in unsuccess which is all the more bitter for being the outgrowth, ultimately, of the snobbery of an Indian army post. Then there is the story of British India itself—and Mr. Thompson writes very frankly about both the inevitable and the superficial evils attendant upon dominion that is, or has become, "glaringly alien." Lastly, there is the story of Lyon's daughter Nicky and her Montagu and Capulet love, which gives to the book a fresh idyllic quality of more than usual natural spontaneity. Night Falls on Siva's Hill is a sincere work, in which, although the author's sympathies are dangerously obvious, he still manages on the whole to remain faithful to his story.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

Tests of Character

Studies in Service and Self-Control, by Hugh Hartshorne and Mark A. May. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

THIS is the second volume of Studies in the Nature of Characters, the first of which was reviewed in The Commonweal for November 7, 1928. The authors do not consider, in the present volume, the motives underlying service and self-control, not because these motives are irrelevant but because they will be made objects of special research to be published in the third volume of the series. Service and Self-Control are therefore not investigated from the "inside" but by a battery of twenty-six tests examining the reaction which external influences bring about in individuals as far as these two types of behavior are concerned. Hence, as the writers themselves concede, the results are not always conclusive. Whether the authors have made a substantial contribution "to the more difficult task of building anew the whole structure of moral and religious education," as Galen M. Fisher asserts in the foreword, remains to be seen. It does not appear to the reviewer that what has been published so far will revolutionize present educational methods. No doubt the third volume will complement the present one in many things, but meanwhile it would pay students to acquaint themselves with Lindworsky's Die Willensschule, which is now available in an excellent English translation.

The lay reader, confronted with the technique of the study, may ask "What does all this mean?" but students for whom the book is intended will find in it a great deal that is new and very interesting.

As to service, we are informed that growth in helpfulness does not coincide with physical growth but is largely determined by environment. It also seems that girls are more helpful than boys, and that nationality and religion influence behavior as far as service is concerned. In all, some thirty conclusions are drawn from school situations, club membership, motion-picture attendance, friendship, teamwork, etc.

In the general term "self-control," the authors include the two types of response: "persistence" and "inhibition." The same elaborate but interesting technique is employed here and conclusions are drawn from the age, intelligence, sex, conditions, environment, etc., of the three groups of children subjected to the tests. It is to be expected that not all will agree with the findings. Much depends upon the philosophy of the student. Tests have their value, but the freedom of the will under all circumstances must always baffle the behaviorist.

The appendices, comprising one-sixth of the nearly six hundred pages of the volume, present tables and directions for administering certain tests. The literature quoted is varied and extensive. The volume shows laborious and conscientious research, and justly claims a place in the educational library.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

A Primer of Biosophy

The Psychology of Happiness, by Walter B. Pitkin. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

BIOSOPHY, according to one of my forward-looking colleagues, is that future branch of learning which will substitute "sophia" for "logos" in psychology, and wed it with the "bios" of biology, thus arriving at the science of the values of life. The fact that there is said to be, in Paris, a sect of primitive Christians rejoicing in the name of Biosophists, is no deterrent to considering Professor Pitkin's clinical collection as the first popular introduction to this promising new field. The book is a series of some sixty acutely analyzed and cleverly narrated thumb-nail histories of characters the author has known either personally or through literary remains. Those drawn from history range from Immanuel Kant and Cardinal Newman through Katherine Mansfield and Emily Dickinson.

Professor Pitkin approaches the figures whose lives are the data of his investigation with objectivity, but his book is seriously marred, none the less, by that encrustation of pseudo-scientific half-truths all too common among psychological writers. For example: he is obviously influenced by the Gestalt Psychologie, and views human conduct as an elaborate and shifting pattern expressing the reaction of the organism-as-a-whole to its constantly changing environment. This is an eminently desirable way to regard psychological reactions; but the organism-as-a-whole must be conceived as a very much more complex mechanism than the central nervous system and muscles, somehow supported by a nebulous autonomic nervous system and vaguely stimulated by a shadowy group of endocrine glands, which is the familiar stalking-horse of such a great number of psychologists.

Professor Pitkin's scrupulous avoidance, in particular, of

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NEXT WEEK

Ecclesiastically speaking, the close of the year was marked by the resumption of cordial relations between the Vatican and the Italian royal family, by the Papal Jubilee and other scintillant happenings. How are the famed treaties working out in practice? To this question THE CONCORDAT AT WORK IN ITALY replies with extraordinary frankness and definiteness. We admit that Umberto Guggieri, as the author signs himself, is a pen-name behind which an Italian citizen in close touch with affairs remains concealed. . . . In BRYAN, a paper of rare interest, Father John A. Ryan discusses the Commoner and recent literature about him. We are not in constant agreement, but that is neither here nor there. . . . The Nobel Prize for physics has gone to THE PRINCE DE BROGLIE, about whom Alphonse Berget writes an informative article. Here is another argument with a bearing on the alleged conflict between science and faith. . . . ON THE WESTERN COAST, by L. A. G. Strong, is one of the literary luxuries which The Commonweal permits itself from time to time. We are still getting so many favorable comments on Mr. Strong's previous story—Old Michael—that we feel this one is going to win a host of friends. . . . In FROM GEORGETOWN TO SALAMANCA, the Reverend Joseph F. Thorning discusses what an American University is doing to restore the concept of international law first sponsored, when Spain was the greatest colonial empire, by august professors in the University of Salamanca. . . . Of course none of the usual aspects of the magazine will be wanting, so that you are assured of the best that we can give.

sex as an important factor in the equation of happiness would indicate a strong anti-Freudian trend in his approach. In view of its statistical rarity, Professor Pitkin might be pardoned for omitting an example of successful married love as a type of happiness; but it is difficult to see on what grounds he omits the not uncommon and sustained joy of successful parenthood. As a strict biosophist, he discreetly refrains from admitting such abstract qualities as loyalty and spiritual integrity—to say nothing of irony and humor.

Nevertheless, The Psychology of Happiness is not without virtue. A happy adaptation to a difficult environment, which, in the United States at least, Professor Pitkin finds increasingly controlled and humanized by science, is certainly one of the major activities of mortal endeavor. He is too shrewd to suggest any one formula for happiness or success. Not only the environment of each of us, but also our capacity to adjust to our particular environmental problems by means of the intellectual, the nervous and the muscular equipment provided by heredity, varies tremendously. Professor Pitkin proves to the hilt that intelligence alone is not a fountainhead of happiness; on the other hand, it is the best instrument we possess for taking stock of our biological assets in the battle.

That "health is the first foundation of ordinary happiness, regardless of the special wish pattern," is a truism that cannot be too often reiterated; that "it is the emotional phase of the smooth function of the *entire* organism, in which our minds and muscles carry out to a neat success the whole system of desires active at a given moment," is a concept of happiness worthy of attention. Most good physicians and many modern novelists are acutely aware of this. But it is unnecessary to dress up these observations in the livery of science. One need not pretend to be scientific in order to be wise.

HAROLD RYPINS.

Popular Biology

Backgrounds of Biology. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.50.

THE transplantation of "monkey glands"—young life for old—continues to enjoy some popularity in the Sunday supplements. And the editors, pressed for news, still fall back on tales of prehistoric monsters, suggesting some probable relationship to man through that all-inclusive term—evolution. These two topics, glands and evolution, are probably more greatly misunderstood and at the same time more widely discussed than any other biological questions known to the layman.

Dr. Giesen and Mr. Malumphy, lecturers in Zoölogy at Holy Cross and Saint Thomas, follow the footsteps of other scientific gentlemen who deplore this lack of understanding in the public, and present a remedy in the form of a popular scientific work. Backgrounds of Biology is a brief story of biological theories and principles, from the ultimate structure of all living things and the nature of life to immunity and animal psychology. Though it is written for a non-scientific public, yet it bears the stamp of scientific authority.

The book is intended for the general reader. In order to be comprehensive it is, of course, somewhat superficial; in order to avoid technical explanations and discussions, it is sometimes necessarily dogmatic. It points out, however, the more fundamental controversial matters; on these it is conservative to the point of extreme caution. It is especially sound, I think, in the sane treatment which it accords to evolution, and to heredity and eugenics.

WILLIAM ENGELS.

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Briefer Mention

The Pope is King, by Civis Romanus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE tone of this work is decidedly jubilant and irenic. The author surveys briefly the circumstances which led to the estrangement between the Holy See and the Italian government and which gave rise to the deplorable Roman question. Seeds were cast into Italian soil during the Napoleonic era which germinated into the demand for a United Italy and a free Church in a free state. Then came the seizure of Rome and the papal states and the subsequent period of misunderstanding and conflict. The conflict is now happily over, thanks to the good offices of the Pope and Mussolini. The author is positive in his belief that Mussolini was an agent of Providence in bringing about the settlement, but while he asserts that the great leader never had any religious education, he does not clear up the point as to his present convictions because of the ambiguity of the phrase that "he has never shown any religious sentiment in his past as a politician, before his advent to power." The book is colorless and superficial. It says nothing that was not already known and gives no evidence that the author sees in the Lateran accord anything more than a rather agreeable event that might have happened at any time, given a little good-will and forbearance on both sides.

Animals Looking at You, by Paul Eipper. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

THIS is an extraordinary book of animal character sketches, with rare portrait photographs of birds and beasts covering a wide range, from the glassy-eyed marabou to baboons and colossal sea-elephants. The author is a German whose avocation has been observing and becoming friendly with the great variety of wild life exhibited in the zoölgical parks of central Europe. His literary approach to his subjects is striking. Shunning detailed natural history descriptions, he paints poetic word pictures of episodes in the lives of the caged animals; and, zealous in his affection for them, he reads almost human emotions into their acts. He is particularly romantic over the animals' "love life," and constantly draws human parallels to their family habits. To less romantic observers of wild life this animal idealism will possibly seem unreal and over-sentimental; yet it is quite convincing in this case, and proves a stimulus to a more sympathetic understanding of wild animals than most of us possess. It is interesting to note that the large majority of the animals in the book are tropical (lions, tigers, zebras, etc.) and that apparently in the zoos of Europe there are very few North American animals, just as in the museums of our country the game animals of Europe are conspicuously absent.

Prayer, by Mario Puglisi. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS unattractive volume is not a manual of devotion. It is a very complete philosophical analysis of the phenomenon of prayer. Man is a praying animal. He continues to pray in spite of naturalistic and materialistic attempts to tell him of its futility. The writer supports the reality of the spiritual experience. His book is especially valuable because no one will accuse him of clericalism. He belongs to the liberal school and is well acquainted by his long contact with German theology with all the jargon of Modernism and modern psychology. A Catholic will hardly find the book interesting. Prayer to him is as real as eating and sleeping.

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The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, by William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.00.

MESSRS. Monypenny and Buckle originally issued their biography of "Dizzy" in six volumes, which have long been a fruitful pasture-ground for delvers into the personal story and into the affairs of Victoria's realm. The present two-volume edition should not merely supplant the older set in libraries (it is so much more convenient a work of reference) but ought to introduce the work to a host of new readers. Unquestionably it is one of the finest biographies in the language, not only because the subject-matter is interesting but also because the authors have written with rare and comprehensive lucidity. Such lessers works as M. Maurois's Disraeli are really rivulets which have trickled out of the abundance of Monypenny and Buckle. It must be added that the publishers have provided excellent paper and typography, that the original plates have been conserved, and that the text has been carefully revised.

Joining Charles and Other Stories, by Elizabeth Bowen. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

ELIZABETH BOWEN wrote a book, The Hotel, some years since, which was admiringly recognized, reasonably applauded and called a "novel." In point of construction it was a series of casual sketches, its strength lying in the charm of stray fancy rather than in any connective thread of narrative. The group of admirable short stories combined under the title of Joining Charles marches far beyond the boundary of mere sketches. These are stories complete in themselves, in their form, character-drawing, imagery and detail. They succeed by the use of a few words perfectly chosen in building up well-rounded characters that lead us into the scene of the moment. They catch the mood with dramatic intent, and illumine it with that "past without beginning and future without end."

The Making of New Germany, by Philipp Scheidemann. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $10.00.

THE array of German war-time memoirs would not have been complete without this rough and ready story by the leading spokesman for the Social Democratic party. It is not always an agreeable record, and the partizan flavor is noticeable. But, for reasons which have been summarized editorially elsewhere in this issue, the book is well worth reading.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. LOEWENBERG is a professor of philosophy at the University of California.

GEORGE E. ANDERSON was formerly in the American consular service in China, South America and the Netherlands.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON, formerly editor of Contemporary Verse, is the author of Buck Fever.

REV. JOSEPH KEATING, S.J., is the editor of the Month.

ROBERT STEWART is dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada.

DR. JAMES J. WALSH, writer and lecturer, is the author of The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries; and The Popes and Science.

MELVILLE CANE is the author of January Garden.

REV. PAUL BUSSARD, an assistant at the Cathedral of Saint Paul, St. Paul, Minn., is one of the editors of the Leaflet Missal.

KENNETH W. PORTER is a research assistant in Harvard University.

ADMIRAL W. S. BENSON, retired, was chief of United States naval operations during the war.

GEORGE FORT MILTON is the editor of the Chattanooga News, Chattanooga, Tenn.

GRENVILLE VERNON is the author of The Image in the Path.

CHARLES ROGER MILLER is an instructor in French at Harvard University and an authority on Provençal, Spanish and Italian literature.

GLADYS GRAHAM is a frequent contributor of criticism to current publications.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M. Cap., director-general of the Catholic Boys Brigade of the United States, is the author of Errors and Dangers in Modern Boy Work.

DR. HAROLD RYPINS is secretary of the State Board of Medical Examiners of the New York State Education Department.

WILLIAM ENGELS is an instructor in science at the University of Notre Dame.

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